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The Outlook

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Coolidge in Command

THE war of the Governmnent against illicit liquor becomes more determined and is waged along a constantly extending front. Th operations of the Coast Guard again Rum Row off New York and liquor cra at other anchorages are now to be sup plemented by land operations along th coast. More significant still, perhaps, i the fact that President Coolidge has manifested a direct official interest in the co-ordinated effort at enforcement, which makes the fact clear that no effort, short of actual use of the Army and Navy, is now to be spared.

President Coolidge does not personally announce his policies. Since the inauguration in March announcements have been made to the public by "a spokesman for the President." In this way word has gone out from the White House that President Coolidge has given orders for enforcement of the law to the letter, and that he is in touch with the efforts of the prohibition officials. At the same time announcement was officially made from the Prohibition Unit that, with the Atlantic blockade developing effectively, the Government is ready to launch a joint land and sea drive on a scale which will, at least, mark a new era in enforcement. The plan for the immediate future is to cut off overseas supplies by means of the blockade and to concentrate land activities on the large supply bases near the coast from which the bootleggers of the large Eastern cities receive their supplies. Not less than three hundred additional agents [illegible] assigned to land duty along [illegible] York and New Jersey coasts. Meanwhile the Coast Guard fleet has been augmented and strengthened in various ways. A system of communication between units by radio-telephone has been installed. An aerial reconnoitering base has been established. Yet withal, the campaign has only fairly begun, Coast Guard officials say. Rear-Admiral Billard, in command of the Coast Guard, has ordered a censorship, temporary but none the less tight, on activities of the "dry navy." He prefaced the censorship, however, by denying the report that several cargoes of liquor had been landed despite the blockade and by announcing that no important supplies of liquor have been captured. That part of the work remains mainly for the land forces.

After six years of dilly-dallying, the Government appears to have entered resolutely upon the task of enforcing the prohibition laws.

The Common Enemy

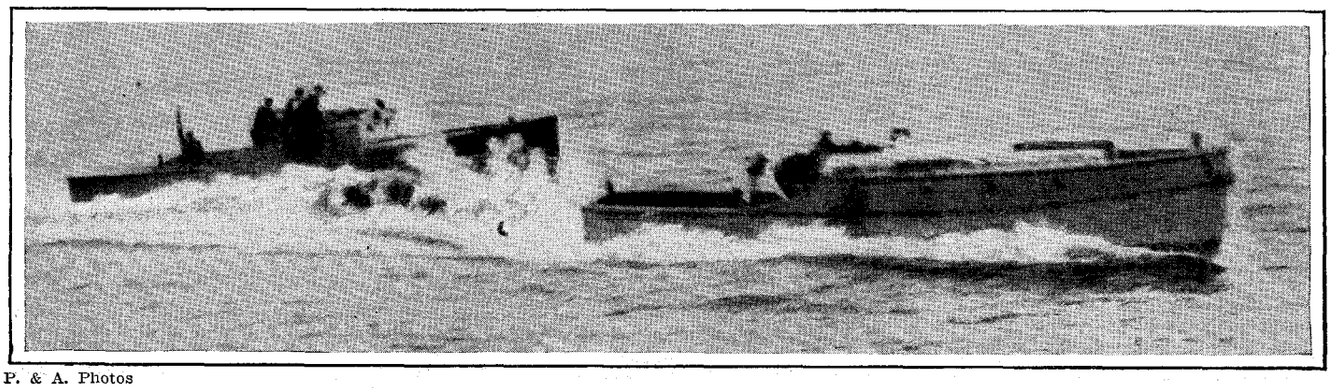
"THE one common enemy of the world to-day is crime," says Commissioner Enright, of New York's police force. To present a firm, united front against this enemy interchange of experience and skill between National police forces is helpful.

The International Police Conference just held in New York had five hundred delegates. One hundred of these were foreign visitors—police chiefs and officials from forty countries. Particularly interesting in personality was the delegation from the Fiji Islands and that from Austria, the head of which was Johann Schober, who was so good a police chief in Vienna that they made him Prime Minister for a time in an after-the-war crisis.

Many mooted points were discussed in the Conference and by the press. One was the desirability of newspaper publication of details of crime. The point here, of course, was the effect on crime detection rather than on the taste and morals of readers. Sir Robert Peacock, Chief Constable of Manchester, pointed out that in some cases it is beneficial to circulate as widely as possible information about crimes committed and persons wanted. It may be quite possible, however, one would suppose, to do this without sentimentalism, "sob stuff," pathos, or the elevation of vicious, murderous toughs into heroes.

Ex-Prime Minister and actual Chief of Police Schober scored a good point when he said that Vienna had on its police force 270 men educated at the University, who had taken the examination for the bar and other professional pursuits, and that the influence of these men has been great in the education of the policemen on the streets.

It appears from police authority that there are about 2,000,000 criminals in the United States, and that 10,000 people are slain every year in this country. Yet in New York City the police claim to have made a great reduction of crime in the last few years, despite the fact that New York has 13,000 police as against London's 23,000—quite a little



P. & A. Photos

Part of the Government's equipment for its war against the liquor fleet

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less than what New York should have in proportion to the population of the two cities. The same is true as between Paris and New York, while as between Vienna and New York the discrepancy is greater still. Perhaps the foreign police have more to do with political affairs than ours, but even in New York politics is not altogether an unknown topic in police circles.

The advance of technical and scientific methods in police work was brought out in a gratifying and comprehensive way in this Conference.

A Samson in Chicago

THE Better Government Association of Chicago has found a paragon in Edwin A. Olson, United States District Attorney for the Northern District of Illinois. Truly, it appears that Mr. Olson has accomplished wonders during the two and a half years that he has been in office, or rather during the two full years for which the record has been compiled. He disposed of cases more than eight times as fast as his predecessor had done. He secured 3,171 criminal convictions, with only 57 acquittals. He collected more money in fines in two years than had been collected by the District Attorney's office in the preceding twenty years. All of this indicates merely the good administrator, but other achievements indicate a great deal more than that.

By sending the ringleaders to the penitentiary Mr. Olson has gained credit for breaking up a crooked bankruptcy ring, for putting a stop to the formerly comparatively safe practice of robbing the mails, for breaking up a well-established nest of counterfeiters, for stopping thefts from inter-State railroad shipments running into millions of dollars a year, for taking the lead of all United States District Attorneys in successful prosecutions of income-tax fraud cases, for breaking up the practice of bribery and intimidation of witnesses, fixing of cases, giving of false testimony, and acceptance of "straw" bonds. From all of these lines of nefarious industry men were sent to the penitentiary with such regularity and precision as to discourage their associates. Crimes of all kinds against Federal law are said to be steadily diminishing in the district which includes Chicago.

Mr. Olson's success has been, perhaps, most notable in liquor cases. He secured 2,090 convictions, with but 23 acquittals. He padlocked $25,000,000 worth of property for a year. He closed by injunction 23 breweries and confiscated tremendous quantities of brewing equipment and beer. Many of the brewers and more of their henchmen, some of whom were gunmen, went to the penitentiary, and nearly all of Mr. Olson convictions have been for long terms.

In all of this work Mr. Olson is said to have had no co-operation from State or municipal courts. Latterly the Chief of Police of Chicago has co-operated with him. It has been not unusual for Mr. Olson to secure convictions in the Federal court of defendants who had been discharged by the State courts on the same evidence.

Declaring that it is as much a duty to commend a faithful public servant as to condemn an unfaithful one, the Better Government Association says Mr. Olson's record is "so good and so unusual in this crime-ridden community that it calls for the highest commendation."

Mr. Ford, Public Servant

BY his offer to buy several hundred Government ships for scrapping Henry Ford has probably rendered another great public service without specifically intending to do so. He may never acquire the ships, just as he never succeeded in getting control of Muscle Shoals, but his willingness to buy them may do for the Government's idle tonnage something similar to what his willingness to lease Muscle Shoals did for the Government's idle water-power equipment.

Before the Ford offer for operation of Muscle Shoals was made the general tendency at Washington and throughout the country was to look upon the plants there as war-time extravagances, possibly necessary, which in peace times were worth only their value as junk. The fact that Ford wanted the properties brought a realization that, after all, they were not junk, but properties of such importance to the country that their operation must be carefully safeguarded. The Ford offer was not a good offer. Later better offers were made, and Ford finally withdrew his. But there is now no question of scrapping Muscle Shoals. Sooner or later, the plants will be operated with the public interest in them adequately protected.

Now Mr. Ford offers to buy perhaps as many as four hundred of the idle vessels on the hands of the United States Shipping Board. Many of these vessels undoubtedly ought to be scrapped. Some of them, perhaps, ought to be operated under the American flag by private owners. Those fit for operation cannot now be bought at scrapping prices. Those who buy them for operation must at least pay more than Mr. Ford is willing to pay for the privilege of scrapping them. And the vessels that should be scrapped will be sold for that purpose with some measure of competition.

Already there is difference of opinion among members of the Shipping Board as to how many ships should be scrapped and how many sold for operation or retained by the Government. Chairman O'Connor and Mr. Thompson represent, respectively, the maximum and the minimum scrapping policies. Mr. Ford is useful as the spurred heel which urges other buyers into action. Probably Chairman O'Connor had that usefulness in mind when he sought the Ford offer and succeeded in interesting him in four hundred instead of two hundred vessels.

Grasping the Ear of the Other Sow

KILLING with kindness is a form of slaughter more traditional than prevalent, but it appears to be in process of commission against the lobsters of American waters—not the individuals merely, but the species. The laws meant to protect set up a system which, in the opinion of a distinguished biologist, leads to extermination. The biologist referred to is George Wilton Field, of Massachusetts.

Legislation now in force for protection of lobster fisheries is based on the theory that the lobster "can stand all the fishing if given an opportunity to breed once." The laws prohibit the taking of lobsters under nine inches long. Originally, the prescribed length was ten and a half inches, but the laws were amended at the behest of the fisheries. The first law was enacted by Massachusetts, and was copied from New Jersey to New Foundland. It is estimated that, as a result of this type of protection, eighty-five per cent of the lobsters do produce one litter of from five thousand to ten thousand eggs. The supply, notwithstanding, has shrunk to one-third of the former normal.

In the opinion of Dr. Field, expressed

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For hunting was his daily exercise

(3 Henry VI, Act IV, Scene 6)

Knott in the Dallas News

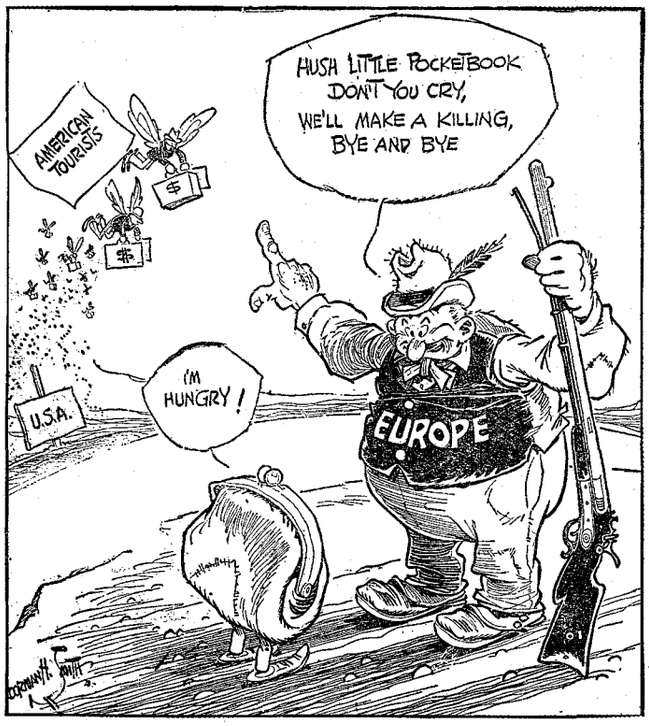
No closed season

Cargill in the Richmond (Ind.) Palladium

The modern Gulliver!

From Lucile Chamness, Lynn, Indiana

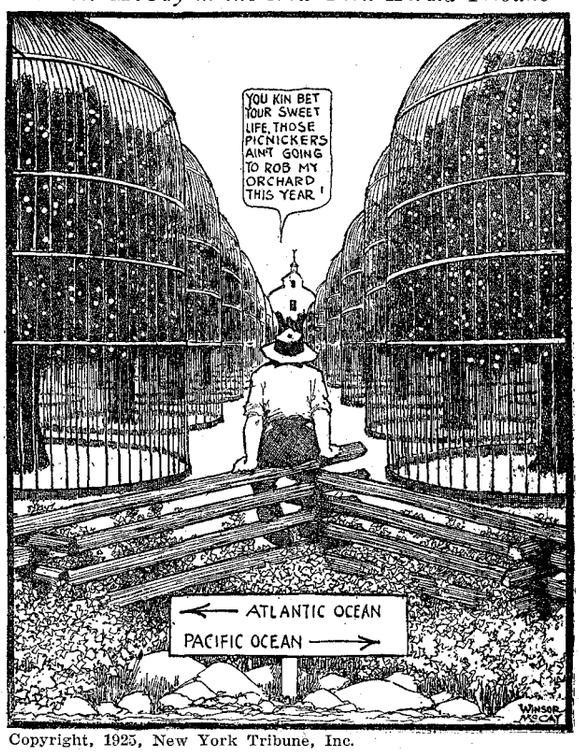
Dorman H. Smith in the Plainfield (N. J.) Courier-News



Hurrah, eats!

From C. J. Churton, Plainfield, N. J.

Winsor McCay in the New York Herald Tribune


YOU KIN BET YOUR SWEET LIFE THOSE PICNICKERS AIN'T GOING TO ROB MY ORCHARD THIS YEAR!
ATLANTIC OCEAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
WINSOR McCAY

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All ready for 'em

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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in a letter to The Outlook, the system of protection should be almost exactly reversed. Protection should be given to lobsters over, rather than under, a specified length, and he would fix that length at twelve inches. We have been eating, he says, the wrong lobsters—the breeders. Lobsters from nine to twelve inches long yield meat at about half the cost of those above or below that size. But a female lobster twelve inches or more in length lays perhaps a hundred thousand eggs a year for many years, while the smaller ones that are now given protection lay not more than one-tenth that number for a single year. As the production of eggs is the crux of the matter, and as the lobster requires from four to seven years to reach breeding age, there appears to be sound sense in the suggestion that the system of protection be reversed.

That the number of lobsters in our waters has greatly decreased under the present system of protection is hardly to be doubted. As the supply has fallen off the demand, stimulated by fashion, has increased at the top, and prices have become such that the lobster has been stricken from the menu for a great many people. It appears probable that, unless a better system of protection is devised, the chefs of the near future may have to resort to synthesis of "mock lobster" and all our people be deprived of a food which, under proper regulation, might be abundant.

A conference has been called by Secretary Hoover for consideration of the regulation of lobster along with other kinds of fisheries. Dr. Field's suggestion, we believe, is worthy of careful consideration by those actively interested in this subject.

The Keystone of Our Pacific Defense

Pearl Harbor, in the Hawaiian Islands, ought to be made the strongest fortification in the world, in the opinion of Chairman Butler, of the Naval Committee of the United States House of Representatives, and he is prepared to urge upon Congress at the next session legislation to make it so. Meanwhile, Mr. Butler and the other members of the Naval Committee will make a trip to Hawaii to study the needs in detail. The trip has been arranged for by Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, and officers of the Navy will accompany the Committee.

The trip of the Committee to Hawaii will begin early in June. By that time the Navy maneuvers in that region will have been completed, and, while a definite report may not be ready for consideration, the Committee will be afforded some guidance by the tests. By the time Congress meets the results both of the maneuvers and of the Committee's inspection will probably be available. Whatever legislation is urged must, of course, conform to treaty stipulations.

Chairman Butler declares that his determination to urge stronger fortification of Hawaii was reached many months ago, and has not been much influenced by the press reports of the Navy tests. He says also that he has not been influenced by the determination of Great Britain to complete the naval base at Singapore. But he adds, perhaps with some significance, "We always have built by comparison."

Mr. Butler's idea of fortifications in Hawaii is "to make the islands the strongest military outpost in the world." He says that he would build Pearl Harbor in such way as to make it impregnable; that it should be made capable of harboring the entire Pacific fleet, with sufficient submarines, air equipment, and coast-defense works to keep any attacking enemy away. A dramatic story of the attack on the islands begins in this issue of The Outlook.

Unlocking the Latitudes

Is man about to reverse his migration habit of all the centuries and turn his face to the south instead of to the west? Dr. Frank E. Leslie, of the Gorgas Memorial Institute, thinks so. He told the section of Tropical Medicine of the Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons, recently in session in Washington, that the growing number of men and women seeking homes in Florida are "merely the vanguard of a great world migration of population toward the tropics." Land, for which the human heart always hungers, is to be found now, he says, only near the equator, and there must be grown the food for an ever-increasing world population.

If there is to be such a migration, if man is to trek in a new direction, it will be the result of the triumph of science over nature. As the result of what the scientist has done, it is possible now for white men to make homes where formerly they could be no more than birds of passage. Control of mosquitoes, with resultant control of malaria and yellow fever, has gone far to open up a million square miles of territory in regions of the Western Hemisphere which formerly have repelled the migrating hordes.

The work of eliminating the tsetse fly from Uganda and Rhodesia and the damming of the Blue Nile in the Sudan—all of these enterprises and many more are doing something toward breaking down the barriers of the tropics.

We need not prepare for an immediate and general migration to a new homeland between Capricorn and Cancer, but, since a slight adjusting touch to the order of nature may open up waste places for the reception of our racial increase, we may at least anticipate a time when one-fifth of the land surface of the globe will not have to support three-fifths of mankind.

Famine in Ireland

What is said to be the worst famine since 1897 now holds the west coast of Ireland in its grip. Though hunger is prevalent over a wide area, the peasants and fishermen of Connemara and Mayo are the worst sufferers. It is a common experience there to find families which are trying to stay the pangs of their children by giving them hot water in which tea leaves, many times used, have been stewed.

The famine is due to three causes: the flooding of the peat bogs, upon which the people depend for fuel, due to the excessive rains of the last two years; the failure of the potato crop, also due to excessive rains; and the "fished-out" state of the west coast waters, due to the operation of steam trawlers.

Fishing was once an important chief industry of the inhabitants of the affected districts. It received a great impetus after the 1897 famine, when, as a safeguard against a possible future shortage, fish-curing stations, where the fish then plentiful along the coast could be salted, were erected at many points. But these stations are now closed, the boats are idle, and the nets are left to rot. In recent years large steam trawlers, with equipment of great size and power, have fished the sea close up to the coast and destroyed the spawning beds to such an extent that the Irish fishermen say that they can no longer net anything.

The potato crop has been a failure for two successive years, and there is no longer sufficient seed for planting, much less food. The oat crop was also dam-

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aged by floods, and this has had its effect on the poultry. It is said that the famine will be even worse next year unless seed potatoes and seed oats are somehow obtained.

A curious feature of the famine area is its patchiness. In a few districts the potato crop is ample, but in other places fifty miles distant there is nothing left to eat. To some extent the inhabitants of the afflicted areas have been kept alive by the grocers and small shopkeepers, who have furnished credit to the extent of their ability, but this credit is now approaching the exhaustion point, and hunger is evident on the pinched faces of the women and children. Investigators have found some cabins full of children weak and crying for lack of food. The people are very proud, however, and do not readily confess their condition to strangers.

The Government of the Irish Free State is doing what it can to supply relief, but, since political conditions are still unsettled and the Free State itself is poor, it is not able to do more than to assist the worst cases. A grant of four shillings ($1) a week per family does not go very far when there are half a dozen children to be fed.

That no more has been heard about the famine is due to the remoteness of the affected area and the inhabitants' habit of enduring much and saying little. Observers who have recently been on the ground, however, state that conditions are growing gradually worse and are of the opinion that an appeal must soon be made to the world for help.

A Fighting General

THE earlier military career of Nelson Appleton Miles, who died suddenly in Washington on May 15 at the age of eighty-six, inevitably overshadowed his short period of not very conspicuous achievement in the war with Spain and as commander of our forces in Porto Rico. He was all but sixty when that war began, and, although he was senior commanding officer, his services were chiefly advisory.

In the Civil War and later as an Indian fighter General Miles had a notably brilliant and picturesque career. He had no military training up to 1861; he was a clerk when the call to arms came. Stirred perhaps by the memory of his ancestor John Myles, the "fighting parson," in King Philip's War, and of his own great-grandfather and grandfather, who fought together in the Revolution, young Nelson raised a company and was made its lieutenant. Four years later he was a major-general of volunteers. He had fought in thirty actions, had been thrice wounded, had received honors for conspicuous gallantry and merit at Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania, Peters-

Underwood

Nelson A. Miles, famous Civil War general

burg, and elsewhere, and had been described by General Hancock as "a colonel who was worth his weight in gold." His rise from the ranks was meteoric and phenomenal. He was the sixth army officer to attain the rank of Lieutenant-General.

Such a fighting officer was just the man for Indian war in the West. Miles was sent out to tackle, one by one, Chief Joseph, Crazy Horse, Geronimo, Sitting Bull, and a dozen less-known chiefs who led the Cheyennes, the Nez Percés, the Sioux, and the Apaches in the outbreaks between 1870 and 1890. They all came to fear and respect "Big Chief Bear Coat," as Miles was called, and when Geronimo was cornered he refused to surrender except to Miles in person. When Sitting Bull, last of the really dangerous Indian war chiefs, was shot, his followers promptly surrendered when they knew that General Miles was in the field.

Secretary Wilbur states that up to the time of his death General Miles was intently interested in military and naval affairs and kept in touch with those in actual command, and adds: "He was a splendid soldier, and I have always had great admiration for his career. He was a man of the deepest patriotism."

Viscount Milner

LORD MILNER'S powerful mind was a product of German culture, and Oxford added no more than the graces. In early years he sincerely believed himself to be a Liberal, indeed a Gladstonian, especially in finance; but he tried in vain to enter the House of Commons, and his failure at the ballot-box left him the perfect bureaucrat, quiet of speech, modest, but unerring in his efficiency. As Lord Cromer's right-hand man in Egypt he displayed that unerring rectitude of judgment and of character which had become a tradition at the British Treasury. Over other men, especially Asquith and Grey, he exercised an influence describable only as hypnotic, yet he was also an enthusiastic devotee of Chamberlain, then embarked on the ocean of imperialism.

When, therefore, a High Commissioner was wanted for South Africa, Milner's appointment was hailed by all parties. The Empire welcomed him, Liberals remembered that he had lectured to the workers at Toynbee Hall in Whitechapel, the Civil Service considered him to be the finest product of an accomplished hierarchy, Cecil Rhodes was delighted, and so were powerful editors like W. T. Stead, E. T. Cook, and J. A. Spender.

But in South Africa he failed. What he lacked was imagination, fed by patience. The Boers were led by Kruger, who believed doubtless that the world was flat. But Kruger was an old man. And already Smuts and Botha were rising into view. If the desire to "avenge Majuba Hill," where the British were humiliated, could have been restrained, Africa might have united Boer with

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British, as Canada is united, without war. Milner bluffed, talked about conquering the Boers with 10,000 men, and the crash came.

Milner's academic mind then went rigid. He would consider nothing save unconditional surrender. The horrors of his concentration camps for women and children, where the deaths from starvation and disease were counted by the ten thousand, proved too much for Chamberlain. And it was Kitchener who made peace by promising the Boers that in a year or two Bannerman would be Prime Minister.

Milner carried out the settlement by organizing in South Africa a Civil Service which would have left the Dominion a Crown Colony and by introducing Chinese labor, which was kept in compounds, for the stated purpose of "cutting up trade unions by the roots." When the High Commissioner returned home, a peer, he was already a "back number."

Even among the apostles of imperial preference his zeal was found to be inconvenient. For one fatal month the House of Lords listened to his logic and threw out the Lloyd George Budget. Milner, slowly discovering that England is not logical, became lonelier than ever. During the war Lloyd George found him useful in various capacities, among them an investigation into Egypt. Also he wrote in a friendly and even a Socialistic fashion about Labor. For Milner was one who thought no price, politically speaking, too high to pay for tariffs.

In private life Milner was kindly and courteous, a scholar and a gentleman. It was intellectual dogma that so often rendered him irreconcilable. He was a recluse, and until late in life a bachelor, not rich, but disciplined in mind and body with a monastic severity. There were times when the Northcliffe press applauded his "Jingoism." But his high and dry philosophy, his wide reading, and excellent scholarship drew him far apart from the mentality which supports halfpenny newspapers.

Koom!

Sir Henry Rider Haggard was learned in scientific agriculture and the welfare of rural people, and for that the rulers of England made him a knight. He was the author of about forty novels of romantic adventure and mystery, from one called "Dawn," published forty years ago, to one named "Queen of the Dawn," which appeared last month. These were novels of love and tribulation and supernatural events in England: "The Witch's Head," "Colonel Quaritch, V.C.," "Mr. Meeson's Will" (with its preposterous legal tattooing), and "Beatrice." The heroines were beautiful and the heroes strong and brave. And there were novels of love and tribulation and supernatural mystery, with their scenes placed in every country of the world and every period of time: stories like "Montezuma's Daughter," "Nada the Lily" (ingeniously plagiarized in this country, with its Zulus turned into Indians, and sold to an unfortunate editor), "Cleopatra," "Lysbeth," and "Ayesha," and many others. Mildly derided by literary critics, deplored sometimes by parents and teachers and librarians, they were enjoyed by tens of thousands of readers. They had the great merit of never being dull; the author set out to entertain his reader, and he succeeded.

International

Rider Haggard

None of them would ever have been published, however, and few of us would ever have heard of Rider Haggard if it had not been for three books dating from 1886 and 1887: "King Solomon's Mines," "She," and "Allan Quatermain." In these novels, especially in the first two, he struck twelve, and it was a resounding and magnificent twelve. It keeps these books still in demand, it has influenced almost every writer since of stories of wild adventure in strange lands. Its echoes are audible in nearly every magazine devoted to hunting, exploration, and savage warfare. Barbaric queens with pearls upon their dusky brows; unpleasant prophets; savage priests; peoples with a hankering for other people, cooked or raw; reincarnated deities, warriors, or lady chieftains—these are all, or nearly all, as they walk through the pages of magazines and novels, of the tribe of the Rider-Haggards. They dwell in caves and are very, very gloomy, not to say unpleasant. But they have a beautiful white queen—ah, our hearts beat fast at the memory of that white queen!

Who can forget the Caves of Kôr, where dwelt She-Who-Must-be-Obeyed? Or her folk, the Amahagger, and their gentle custom of hot-putting strangers? And her visitors, Horace Holley and Leo Vincey? And the pillar of fire? Or the battle with the Masai, in "Allan Quatermain"? And the underground river? And the Zulu warrior, Umslopogaas, his battle-ax, and his great fight at the head of the stairway? Or the battle in Kukuanaland, and the total eclipse of the sun? It was a generous eclipse, total for about an hour—not a stingy little one like that affair of last January in New York. And Gagool and the diamonds, and Commander Good and his eyeglass?

Rider Haggard was fond of assembling great armies of savage warriors with long spears, knives, bull-hide shields, and ostrich-plume head-dresses to make their six feet five of height look taller and more dreadful still. They would stand in silence and perfect discipline until their monarch appeared, and then, stamping upon the sun-baked earth with a noise of thunder, bellow forth the royal salute. As the author's spirit ascends to Valhalla it should be received by ordered thousands of Zulus, Masai, Kukuanas, and Mimosas, roaring out an earth-shaking "Koom!"

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Freedom in the Mountains

THERE has been begun in a little mountain county of Tennessee a legal battle the like of which has not been fought before in America or, indeed, in the law courts of the world. It involves human rights which may go for their sanction even beyond the Constitution. Quite commonly, the roots of an American lawsuit go back, in some sort, to Runnymede. But the tap-root of this one runs also to Worms and beyond, for the freedom of the spirit of man is involved. A law is to be tested which in its spirit imposes dogma upon the youth in the schools, and in its letter puts a ban upon the age-long search after truth.

A little while ago the Legislature of Tennessee enacted a law prohibiting in State-supported schools the teaching of any theory of the evolution of man from lower forms of life. A charge of violating this law has been made against J. T. Scopes, a science teacher in the Rhea County High School, at Dayton. His trial will test the law. His position is no whit different from that of numerous other teachers in Tennessee. Circumstances have conspired to place him at the point where a battle, long threatening, will break. For here will come the first legal clash between those called Fundamentalists in religion and those called Modernists. Whether the Modernists will actually participate in the battle remains to be seen, but at least their cause will be defended by those not strictly of either party. That the Fundamentalists will be directly engaged, or at least that they ardently desire to be, is shown by the fact that William Jennings Bryan has volunteered his services in the prosecution of Mr. Scopes and is going about the country proclaiming that he has thus volunteered because "the Fundamentalists are so interested in this case." It is significant that the appeal to law rather than to reason is made by the Fundamentalists.

The bitterness with which Mr. Bryan will prosecute, if his services are accepted, is indicated by his utterances at a religious gathering at West Chester, Pennsylvania, where, according to newspaper reports, he referred to scientists generally as "dishonest scoundrels . . . burrowing in the ground and stealing away the faith of your children." At Providence, Rhode Island, where he did not come out particularly well in contest with a Brown junior, Mr. Bryan gave his reason for the course he has taken. He is doing it "in gratitude for America's generosity to him in the past." One could wish that Mr. Bryan were less grateful for what the American people have done for him. A consuming zeal to obtrude himself as a compulsory savior seems a gratitude out of proportion to the generosity which the people of the United States have shown him by three times refusing to intrust their affairs to his hands. But, says Mr. Bryan, "for the first time in my life, I am on the side of the majority." It sticks in the memory, however, that for thirty years he has proclaimed himself on the side of the majority and that the outcome always has shown the majority against him. History is not an infallible repeater, but instances in such number at least indicate a trend of the American majority.

Distinguished lawyers eager to defend Mr. Scopes are not lacking. Clarence Darrow and Dudley Field Malone have volunteered for that service. Mr. Darrow sees in Mr. Bryan and those who stand with him persons "bigoted, lacking in intelligence, ignorant, and shrouded in darkness." Very clearly, preparations are making for a legal contest in which the lawyers for the prosecution will regard their opponents as scoundrels and will be regarded by their opponents as fools. Whether distinguished lawyers thus disposed and coming from outside the State will actually meet in a Tennessee court-room depends upon the decision of the authorities. Neither the offer of Bryan to prosecute nor that of Darrow and Malone to defend has yet been accepted. Mr. Darrow doubts if they will be. "The Tennessee lawyers," he says, "are good, and they will not need help."

Mr. Darrow's words are true. A bar from which were chosen two of the nine men now sitting as Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States cannot be destitute of lawyers capable of conducting this case. It would have been much better if Mr. Bryan could have possessed his soul in patience until his services were asked for. The proffer by Darrow and Malone might not have been made had Mr. Bryan refrained.

Judge John Randolph Neal, who has been retained by Mr. Scopes as chief of his counsel, shows a clear grasp of what really is involved. He said in a statement welcoming Mr. Bryan as an opponent: "Those who look upon our effort to have the Anti-Evolution Law declared unconstitutional as a fight in behalf of any theory of evolution greatly mistake the real issue involved. The question is not whether evolution is true or untrue, but involves the freedom of teaching or, what is more important, the freedom of learning." The Outlook said, in commenting on this law at the time of its passage, "The question . . . is not whether the theory of evolution is true or not, but whether there shall be freedom to examine into its truth."

That even Mr. Bryan can fail to appreciate this fact is almost inconceivable.

Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune

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The proposition would get a lot of support if the monkeys could vote on it

From W. C. Brown, Evanston, Ill.

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The law which he volunteers to defend strikes at the foundation of the faith which Mr. Bryan professes. Freedom of inquiry was one of the most insistent demands of the Reformation. It was that for which Luther was ready to face ten thousand devils. It was nothing else than that for which Comenius, the great Slav leader of the Reformation, suffered persecution in almost every nation of Europe while in aid of free teaching he prepared text-books in twenty languages. If the effort into which Mr. Bryan has now launched himself could fully succeed, the world would be returned to the position it occupied before the Reformation. The seat of dogmatic authority would be the legislative chamber instead of the Vatican; there would be no other essential difference.

The School of the Back Lots

TWO juvenile baseball games were in progress not far apart. Boys of about the same ages made up the two groups, but most of the other factors were as different as possible—to the great advantage of one group and as great disadvantage of the other.

One—by far the more enjoyable of the two—was a typical back-lot game. The nines were made up after the usual manner of back-lot nines—natural associations of boys following a natural leader, who, of course, was the captain. They had not much in the way of uniforms or equipment, and their clothes were more or less patched and ragged. Nor had they any professional coaches to teach them the fine points of technical baseball.

But those boys had fun—real fun! And something else of equal value. Each boy, for instance, played his own game as best he could. He had to decide for himself what to do for every emergency coming his way. And he had to decide quickly. Mistakes brought upon his head loud and highly personal criticisms—which did him good and made him more careful than ever. And as for the man at bat—well, he simply had to size up the situation and do the best he could!

Can any one imagine a finer school for quick and accurate thinking, for cool judgment, for rapid mental-physical coordination? The value of such playing is incalculable.

The other game was played on the well-kept diamond of a private academy. Two nicely uniformed nines played a highly technical game. But those boys were not doing the real playing. Their coaches were doing that, furnishing almost all of the head work, and visiting dire penalties on any youth who so far forgot himself as to use his own thinking apparatus in an emergency instead of following some signal made by the coach. Each man was told what to do before he went to the bat. Every possible action on the field was directed from the bench, and, when a din of noise made it less conspicuous, directions were directly yelled to the players.

How much real value do you think these boys got out of that game? Some technique, of course, but at the sacrifice of the quick thinking, the personal responsibility, and individual capacity whose exercise can be so valuable a factor in this fine game.

The same thing usually occurs in football. It seems that the coach's duty should be to teach the players as much technique as possible, to teach them to make their own judgments, and then retire to the grand stand when a game is in progress.

Off and on one hears of a movement to require college games to be played strictly without the presence of the coach. Such a policy followed in the preparatory and the high schools would be of immense benefit to all the boys concerned.

Genius and the Oar

ATTEMPTS to resurrect genius in sport are almost always abortive. The latest attempt by the Cornell rowing authorities has been the immediate and dismal failure that those who understand modern rowing and modern boat racing knew it would be. Charles E. Courtney, so long the dominant figure in intercollegiate coaching, passed away in 1919. With him passed his genius, his personality, his uncanny art of teaching that sport which is based on the most difficult and most widely debated technic of any of them. With Cornell in the doldrums of defeat, with other institutions taking up rowing and racing under younger and up-to-date leadership, the Courtney legend persisted to such an extent that those in authority sought to revive the stroke that he taught twenty years ago, when the Ithacans were sweeping down the Hudson practically unmolested and unchallenged to victory after victory. Rowing at that time was not so widely understood, and the art of rigging a shell especially was one of the great secrets that the old-timers hugged to their bosoms. They dealt in the secret of success.

But the inevitable younger generation came along, with ears open and mouths shut. They learned, and, taking over the work where older heads and hands had left it, carried on, in some cases to greater triumphs even than their teachers. But in nearly all of these cases the newcomers stood squarely on their own feet. They pretended and still pretend to teach only what they have learned, and this knowledge is backed by their own personalities and qualities of leadership. Ed Leader at Yale is one of them, Ed Stevens at Harvard is another. And undoubtedly there are more to come. Cornell was not satisfied with this procedure. The institution demanded a revival of the "Courtney stroke," something that in point of fact never existed. For Courtney, like all great and thoroughly mature artists, was a man of many periods. There was the period of the late seventies and the eighties, when his supremacy was all but unchallenged; there were the period of the nineties, the ante-Henley and the post-Henley periods, then the periods of the early nineteen hundreds, to be followed by the period of 1919, and the subsequent style of rowing and racing instruction that was still turning out winning eights at the time of his death.

In choosing a successor Cornell turned to Charles Lueder, a man who had rowed under Courtney on the crew that made the four-mile record at Poughkeepsie, and who said, "All I know is the Courtney stroke." He did know a Courtney stroke, a stroke discarded by the old man himself. It was used in a day when competition was not as stiff as it is to-day, and for the time being it was efficient and satisfactory. Outwearing its usefulness, however, Courtney threw it away bodily and turned to something else, which in due course was equally effective. Lueder has been an utter failure. His self-hypnotism in this matter of acting as a sort of avatar of Courtney was almost pathetic. Once again the impossible had been attempted and failed.

It was not so many years ago that Yale was in a similar situation. Bob Cook was a name to conjure with at New Haven. It was decided to revive the "Bob Cook stroke." This attempt had many more reasons for sounding promis-

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ing than that made by Cornell, for Bob Cook himself was still alive—out of touch with rowing, to be sure, but still available, with the assistance of other coaches who had been his pupils. Bob Cook came back, but his stroke did not return with him. The returned Bob Cook was something of a stranger. The art had slipped away from him, and this attempt, like the one at Cornell, was a pathetic failure.

In years to come, when other veterans retire from the scene—James A. Ten Eyck at Syracuse, Dad Vail at Wisconsin, Joe Wright at Pennsylvania—doubtless their pupils will carry on, but they will have to stand on their own feet and add to the knowledge imparted to them by the veterans the sum of their own experiences in coaching. For it is well understood that the best way to learn any subject is to teach it. There is, indeed, no branch of coaching in which this does not hold true.

The genius of the old-timers inevitably passes with them. And least of all in rowing coaching does the theory and practice of mortmain hold good. It is said that no man is indispensable, but when the great coaching geniuses in rowing pass from the theater of action they go with the mantle of their genius wrapped around them, and there are no successful imitators.

Amy Lowell

WHERE is Amy Lowell's Boswell? If for good or ill she is to have her due place in the story of American literature, such a satellite is her need. A Johnsonian woman was this contradictory product of the culture and traditions of the New England environment. She had Dr. Johnson's vehemence of utterance without his stability of belief, she had his oracular manner, something of his jealousies, most of his dogmatism, less than his loyalty. When her heart was set upon an end, she had much of his passion for scholarly exactness. She could be superficial in criticism of the purpose, aims, and achievements of her contemporaries, and at the same time profound and minute in the study of the great poet whose monumental Life was her own final achievement.

She had above most of her contemporaries in the field of letters a memorable and an outstanding personality. What she did, what she said, what she thought—these things have been constant subjects of conversation around tables where men and women of letters foregathered.

Those who knew her will not soon forget her trenchant speech—neither its kindness nor its harshness. But what will the generations who know her only by the printed record of her works think of this woman who has been so colorful a figure in her time?

Perhaps a simple test may be the

Keystone

Amy Lowell

means of coming as close to an estimate of her place in American literature as it is ever possible for contemporaries of a dead poet to come. If you have read Amy Lowell's flashing verses, if you have delighted in the keenness of her mind or the daring of her technical methods, try to call to mind as many as possible of her phrases or her imageries. Can you quote, after a reading, any of her poems? Is the magic they possess a stimulant of the moment, or do you take from her work an increased store of understanding of the secret of beauty and the integrity of form, or a new comprehension of the high passions of mankind?

Your answer will be your own. Whatever it is, the fact cannot be ignored that the quality of memorability, the quality of universality, cannot be ignored in estimating the power of a poet to endure.

A Boswell might preserve her personality. John Keats will save her scholarship. The fate of her poetry will be determined by men and women for whose critical judgment she would have no regard, with whose intellect and emotions she would have no sympathy. There is no common law of literature by which a poet is entitled to determine the future of a lifetime's work through the selection of a jury which the poet would regard as a jury of peers.

Councils of Democracy

IS Calvin Coolidge an innovator? A few months ago that would have been an idle question, so certainly would it have been answered in the negative. But since his inauguration in March the nature of Cabinet meetings has apparently changed in a way that may be revolutionary. No official announcement has been made concerning it, but a system of individual conferences with Cabinet members appears largely to have superseded the meeting of the whole Cabinet. The formal meeting, however, has not been dispensed with. It is said that the President remains in the Cabinet room for a few minutes, retires to his private office, and calls in one by one such Cabinet members as he wishes to see.

While the new practice constitutes something of an innovation, the idea is not wholly new. President Wilson had a similar one and practiced it for a while. He, however, eliminated scheduled meetings and asked Cabinet members to see him only when they had something of importance to bring to his attention. Mr. Wilson was severely criticised, on the ground that he was establishing "one-man government." This criticism probably had little effect on his subsequent action, for he was not much swayed by public opinion, but he abandoned his plan, returned to the system of scheduled meetings of the Cabinet, and even extended the range of subjects submitted to the Cabinet beyond what previous Presidents had done.

The plan recently adopted by President Coolidge, like the one which President Wilson tried, is undoubtedly a means of conserving the Executive's time and strength. Cabinet meetings are not infrequently trying, sometimes assuming all of the argumentative qualities of the Senate. It was said for a time that Mr. Coolidge's Cabinet was inordinately fond of arguing, and it may be that the President, without any intention of adhering permanently to the new plan, is teaching his advisers a lesson.

We hope that this change from a general conference of the Cabinet to a series of individual conferences will be only

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temporary. There is no substitute in a democratic government for that kind of decision which a Cabinet meeting of a group of minds can produce.

There are at least three ways by which decisions in government can be reached. One way is by the decision of a single mind undominated by others. This is essentially the theory of autocracy. It is true that that mind may take counsel with others and be influenced by the opinions which others reached, but if the decision is based upon the opinion definitely reached by that one mind it is autocratic. The second method is a decision reached by the domination of a part of a group over the rest of the group. If it is by a small part, it is oligarchic. If it is by the larger part, it is majority rule. In either case, however, if a decision means the overruling of the opinions of one part of the group by another part it is not in the best sense democratic. The real measure of democracy is its power to reach decisions through what Miss M. P. Follette in her recent book, "Creative Experience," calls "integration." By this process, which has become so familiar to us in America though we really have had no name for it, the whole group reaches a decision which no individual or no part of the group would have reached alone. It is like a chemical union. It mixes various ingredients and out of the mixture comes something entirely new.

The real masters of administration have this power to bring out from their colleagues decisions which no one of them, and not even the most of them, could have reached. This was Lincoln's way. It is true that on one occasion Lincoln said, "The votes are seven against one, and as I am the one, the one wins;" but in this case he had succeeded in a larger integration than that of his Cabinet; he had created out of the country at large the decision which his will put into action.

At times in our history the Supreme Court, though strong in personnel, has been a collection of judges rather than a bench. The greatest of our Chief Justices have been those who by their personal influence have succeeded in welding the decisions and opinions of the Court, which were really opinions of the Court and not merely of the majority.

We hope, therefore, that President Coolidge, weary though he may be of argument, often useless, will succeed in this essential task of executive leadership and secure from his Cabinet those decisions which he alone cannot reach and which even cannot be reached by a majority of his advisers.

Joint Problem No. 3

Our Navy Moves to the Attack

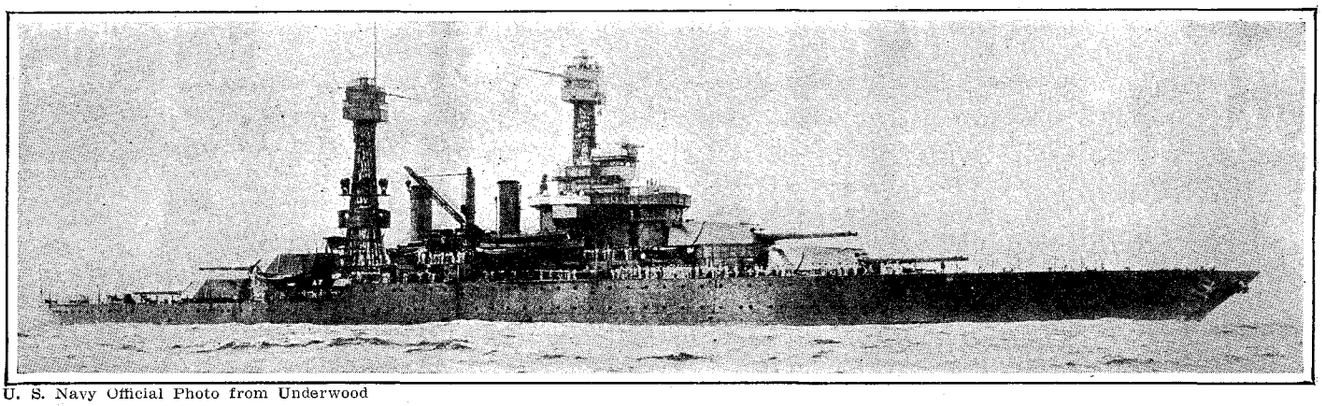
By SIDNEY BALLOU

IN this article Sidney Ballou, The Outlook's correspondent with the Pacific fleet, tells of the beginning of the Hawaiian maneuvers and of the dramatic plans, in which he played a large part, for breaking the "enemy's" defenses surrounding the naval base at Pearl Harbor.

THE whistles of San Francisco blew as the anchors came up from the mud and the West Virginia led the column of battleships toward the Golden Gate. There were nine of them, and they weighed upwards of 30,000 tons apiece. Ahead of us the Wyoming, a coal-burner from the Atlantic, chased her brood of scouting vessels through the entrance—scout cruisers, destroyers, mine-sweepers, and submarines. Astern came the train—tankers, tenders, and supply vessels. Bulking big among these was the Langley, our only completed aircraft carrier, with airplanes perched on her flying deck like a row of pigeons on a flat roof.

The mine-sweepers were out, for war had been declared and the enterprising but hypothetical enemy might well have sent a cruising submarine to drop mines. So it was through swept channels that the fleet put to sea, the lighter craft across the bar, the battleships through the narrow Bonita Channel. The army engineers have put a channel for them across the bar, but the seamen who know how sands shift and swells pound have their own ideas of how much water they want under their keels, and still make the awkward turn close to the northern coast.

That night the fog shut down, and for a night and a day the column of battleships hooted at one another unseen, through mist that the great searchlights could not pierce. Our next astern, the Tennessee, conversing pleasantly over the radio, informed us that she had not seen us for nearly twenty-four hours and could hear our siren but faintly. This with only three hundred yards of water between. When at last the fog lifted, it



U. S. Navy Official Photo from Underwood

The U. S. S. West Virginia, on which Sidney Ballou sailed as a member of Vice-Admiral Wiley's staff

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revealed a column unbroken, with distances intact. Merely navigational and engineering routine, but impressive to see.

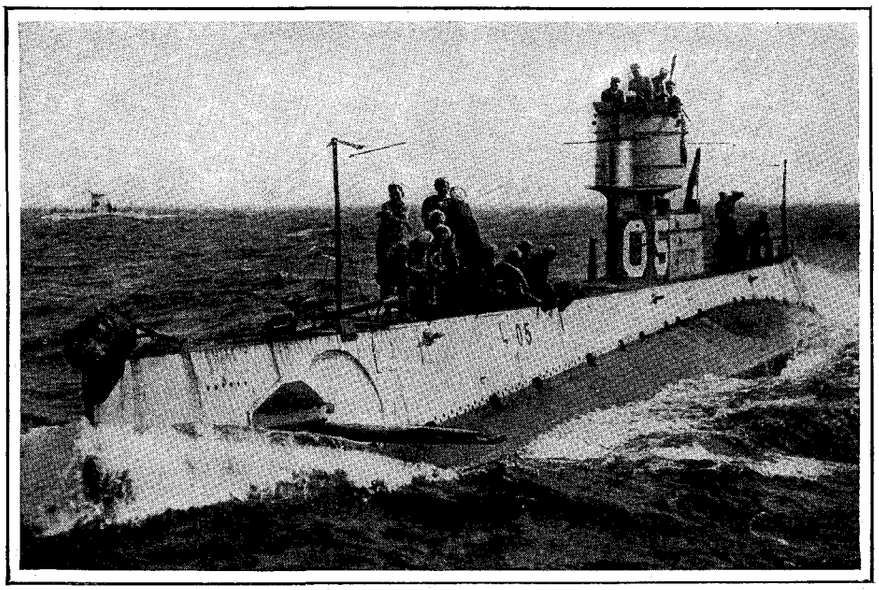
On the third day out a flutter of flags on the California broke the great column and sent the big ships and their attendant destroyers scattering to the horizon. When they steadied down, they were in great concentric circles, the outermost destroyers below the sky-line. This was our newly devised Convoy Screen Formation, for in the middle fourteen auxiliary ships represented fourteen great transports packed with a constructive force of 42,000 Marines, ordered to capture the Hawaiian Islands in the greatest peace-time maneuvers ever undertaken. We were embarked on Joint Army and Navy Problem Number 3.

We were the Blue Force, Navy and Marines. Hawaii was in possession of the Black Force, its army garrison and its reserves, together with the destroyers, submarines, and aircraft actually stationed there. Except for our 42,000 Marines, represented by 1,500, and a flock of constructive airplanes in addition to those actually on the Langley, nothing was imaginary. We were to try conclusions with an actual defending force of 20,000 men, with a considerable air force and some naval defense. The highest Army and Navy officers were sitting as umpires.

Hawaii is admittedly a hard nut to crack. Its defenses are concentrated on Oahu, for Honolulu and the naval base of Pearl Harbor give the strategic importance to the group. The other islands are useful only as advance bases from which to launch an attack, to be occupied at peril of the defensive submarines and aircraft.

An overseas expedition does not move at the speed of battleships. There are always some lame ducks in the train to bring down the speed of the convoy. Ten knots was our limit, and the schedule allowed a safe margin under that. So we crept over the broad Pacific at a snail's pace, while we discussed every angle of the problem and its solution.

We of the battle fleet saw nothing further of the scouting fleet. The Wyoming had taken her scouts—cruisers, destroyers, and submarines—a day's march ahead. They had the Langley, and they were guarding her like a basket of eggs. Their mission was to stage a fight for control of the air, to which end they were to seize a landing-field on Molokai from which to launch those constructive planes that the Marines were supposed to be carrying. Otherwise the superior air forces of Black would overwhelm all that the Langley could carry and would cause us considerable trouble.



(C) Underwood

The submarine O-5, which accompanied our fleet across the Pacific

The defensive value of aircraft was not being underestimated, but it was taking a navy to put them into position to attack, just as it took a navy to help them fly around the world.

Our confidential orders showed that the main landing was to be made on the Waialua-Waimea beach. This is thirty miles northwest of Honolulu and Pearl Harbor, at the other end of the great central valley of the island. In the wisdom of the high command, however, 3,000 Marines and the fire of the three best ships were to be expended in a feint landing just north of Barbers Point. This is at the southwest corner of Oahu, at the edge of the coral plain of Ewa Plantation, with Pearl Harbor ten miles to the east.

The feint landing assignment was drawn by the West Virginia, Maryland, and Tennessee, with Colonel Myers, of the Marines, to lead the forlorn hope ashore. We of the West Virginia, therefore, began to take a lively interest in landing conditions north of Barber's Point.

Now Barber's Point itself has wicked teeth. They caught the transport Sheridan in 1906. A mile and a half from shore the sea breaks on the jagged coral, and from there to the beach the sea, in all weathers, is a smother of white foam. Yet the southern flank of our beach was a scant three thousand yards north of the lighthouse. What was the actual state of the coral reef at this point no one knew. The elaborate military maps of Oahu stopped at high-water mark, the navigational charts, where no harbor existed, showed no such inshore details. The Black forces ashore might have this information. We had not.

Twenty years' residence on Oahu had taught me respect for its coral reefs. I had swam out to them in pleasant weather and sat on their inner edge. I had waded on them with shoes on, sometimes at night with a torch in one hand and a fish spear in the other, breakfasting in the morning on big red kumu. As beaching places for ships' boats and as landing-places for fully equipped infantrymen, however, I feared they would prove less pleasant playgrounds even in calm weather. With any sea running there would be sure to be some smash-ups.

Colonel Myers, of the Marines, knew the reefs as well as I did. Together we described their characteristics to Vice-Admiral Wiley and his Chief of Staff. I asked that at least I be allowed to reconnoiter before the landing boats went in.

So it happened that I became a pawn in the game. A reconnaisance party was authorized, consisting of Commander Koehler, myself, and two seamen. We were to use a wherry, the smallest boat available, as best adapted to work among the reefs. We were to be dropped overboard at midnight. We were furnished with marker buoys, flags, and signals. Our job was to determine conditions as they existed. If any part of the assigned beach was found practicable for landing, we were to put a string of buoys or flags to mark the southern limit of the practicable stretch. We were to communicate conditions to the Melville, from which the Marine expedition was to land at daybreak. Further than that we were to "act at discretion."

We had our own ideas as to what was discretion. Some of our ideas might be hard to distinguish from indiscretion. Koehler had done real Secret Service

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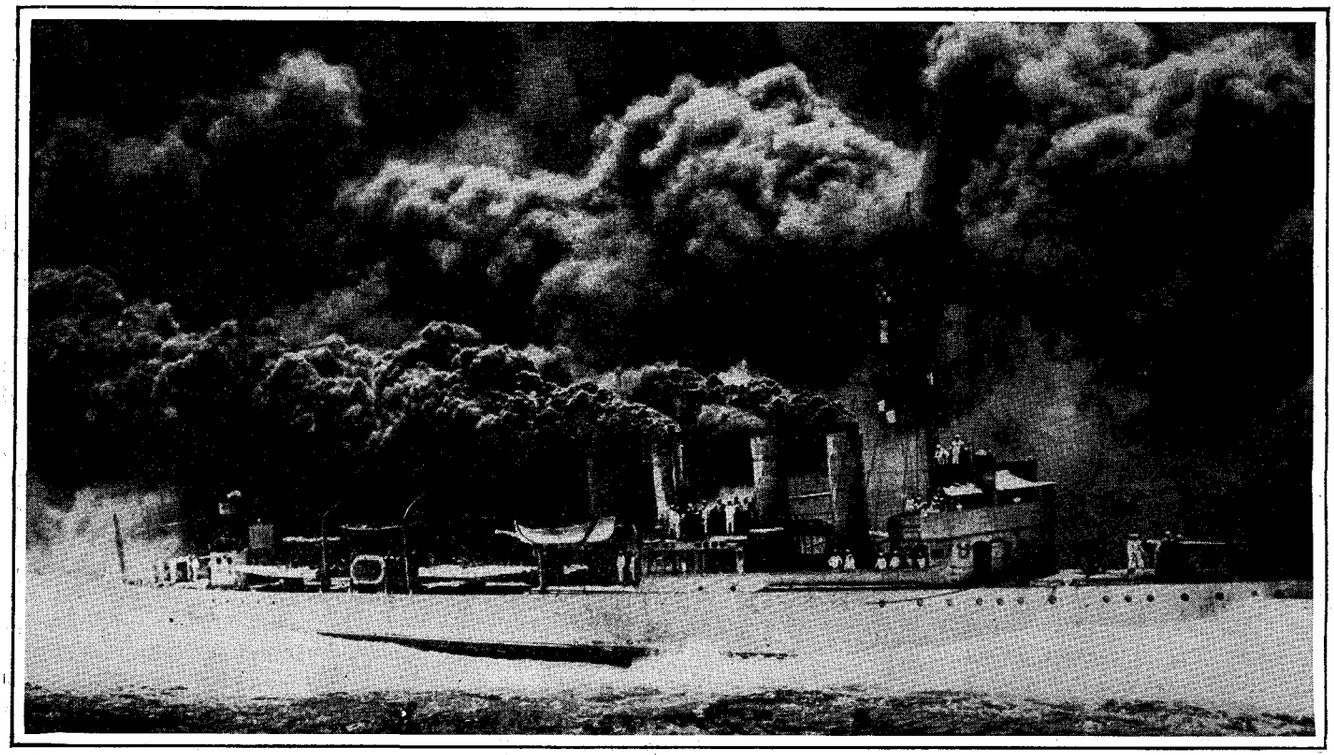

Underwood

A destroyer of the attacking forces laying a smoke screen

work in the Great Game. We studied maps of the interior of Oahu, where no naval force was supposed to operate. We asked the gunner's mate to make us some bombs. They came back realistic to perfection—plaster-of-paris cylinders painted red and stenciled "T. N. T. Explosive Bomb." They were fitted with fuse and primers. So realistic were they that we feared for the nerves of the simple islanders who might find them lying around, and sent them back to be labeled on the other side, "Constructive." It was not until afterwards that we realized that this word would probably mean nothing to the average citizen. We had some cardboard placards stenciled with various things that we might hope to accomplish, such as "This Road Dynamited, U. S. S. West Virginia."

Last of all, we took advantage of the near approach of a passenger liner to send a cunningly devised message ahead to Honolulu, whereby we hoped to have an automobile waiting for us. The actual rendezvous was some distance from our landing-place, and would in fact suggest another, but the road passed through Brown's Camp, the northern limit of our beach, and the hour was such that we should have time to stop the car at that point. Finally, we were cheered by the fact that if this part of the plan leaked out and was taken seriously, it would result only in diverting some of the Black forces to that vicinity, which was the main object of our feint landing.

Meanwhile the great fleet plowed leisurely through the Pacific. By the terms of the problem the transports must be not more than seventeen hundred miles from San Francisco at five o'clock of a certain Friday, and ample time had been allowed. Our sister ship, the Maryland, fresh from an overhaul, was pursuing us, and one morning while we were in column came over the horizon and slipped smartly into line immediately behind the West Virginia.

Every morning there were maneuvers. At a signal from the California, the battleships would deploy on one side or the other to repel an attack on our precious convoy. Hull down on the horizon, a line of destroyers represented the enemy, and gave evidence of the tremendous distance at which future naval battles are expected to be fought. The battleships swung into divisions, into column and out again, opening the range and closing. The turret guns followed the movements of the distant enemy, while the little practice guns mounted atop of them barked their imitation of salvo firing. The destroyers laid smoke screens on our flank. The five-inch guns and anti-aircraft threes successfully repelled hordes of submarines and bombing airplanes.

Finally, zero hour of the big problem came, and we were unleashed. Our division—now West Virginia, Maryland, and Tennessee—had farthest to go. We signaled for our particular transports to make their best speed, and watched them anxiously as they slowly drew ahead of the train. The framers of the problem had left us none too much time to make our station.

Now we were under war conditions. Ships were darkened, extra lookouts were stationed, the five-inch guns were manned by day, and their crews slept around them at night. We knew that Black submarines were scouting for us, and our guardian destroyers scurried about at every suspicious sign.

On Saturday we began to get reports from the advance force bound for their landing-field at Molokai. First a destroyer reported seaplanes circling overhead. Then a Black seaplane was sunk. The next news was not so good. The Wyoming had been torpedoed and her speed reduced to twelve knots. A few hours later the Shawmut was sunk. Luckily, it was not the Langley. Finally, the cheering report came that the landing had been successfully made and the flying-field seized. The enemy was not to have undisputed control of the air.

Our train finally caught us—Melville and Dobbin, transports; Bobolink and Lark, mine-sweepers. Late Sunday afternoon we sighted the peaks of Oahu far to the south, and as night fell we saw the great searchlights of the northern coast sweeping the waters. We kept beyond their range, no submarines nor scouting airplanes found us, and at midnight we slipped into our station off Barber's Point. The first phase was over. The real trial was to begin.

The second installment will appear in next week's issue of The Outlook

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Camping for "Marshmallows"

By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

In which the author describes the perils and perquisites of a bachelor uncle

JOKING aside, being a bachelor uncle may be no laughing matter. And this may be painfully true when one has a large flock of noisy nephews—five, for instance, and every one full of the Old Nick. That, good friends, is my position. Of this promising flock of hoodlums, my sister Alma is the rather unduly proud parent of one lone chick—Georgie, poor soul! And Susan has the rest of the menagerie.

These doting mothers too frequently point out that certain duties must be performed. For instance, I am supposed to take a more than active interest in their progeny. This explains how it came about that one day last summer I found myself with Alma and Van, in their preposterous car, on the way to visit their beloved Georgie, who, they said, was camping in the Adirondacks.

Susan, whose eye on my movements is almost maternal, hearing of the trip, declared that I must not *dare* to come back without crossing many, many miles of rough country and calling on their Teddy in *his* camp!

To tell the truth, I like the youngsters, and so went willingly enough. Besides, all my life I have been daft over camping—you know what I mean, real rough stuff. I'd just like to have some one step up and show me anything finer for boy or man than a well-planned mix-up with the unspoiled primitives of outdoor nature! So I had visions of breezy tents under the lee of a forest, of active groups of sturdy, brown boys—instinctive campers and craftsmen all—looking after themselves, standing on their own feet, and doing all kinds of woodcrafty stunts.

Van helped me strap my bag to his whale of a car, and off we went, early in the morning. On the way Alma put in a lot of time talking about Georgie—who, like Ted, was thirteen—detailing his many smart sayings and doings, and enlarging on the fine time he was having at camp.

"His first experience, you know!" cried she, with her old-time enthusiasm. "It is really a *wonderful* camp, *so* select, and in such a beautiful place. Everything *most* complete—you wouldn't believe! So many kinds of amusements and conveniences!"

I smiled to myself. Alma was the queen of the optimists about everything. But one should make allowances. Parents with but one chick, I find, are usually like that. The amount of talk concerning children is usually inversely proportional to the number thereof in a family. I'll wager that Alma used up five hundred more foot-pounds of energy per day talking about Georgie than Susan concerning all her four!

Time went by. Alma chattered, while I dozed or admired the scenery. But as the latter part of the afternoon arrived she became excited, and announced that we were now very near Wilderness Mountain Camp. Well, I was just aching for a touch of wilderness, for the scent of pines, the pleasant smell of burning logs, and the appetizing odors of camp cookery. And, sure enough, the mountains were showing up all around us.

Suddenly a great motor truck full of youngsters entered the road from one side. Alma promptly shrieked. "There the boys are now!" cried she. Sure enough, on the side of that truck and of a second one that followed it I read "Wilderness Mountain Camp," and saw what I took to be a coat-of-arms—a wigwam, with smoke curling from the top.

Alma shrieked again. "There he is!" cried she; "there—in the second truck—with the blue-and-white blazer!"

Obviously it was Georgie. Van slowed down and followed behind that truck, and Alma, with a really remarkable vocal effort, got her voice right across the noise of car, truck, and boys, and attracted the attention of Georgie, who yelled and waved. Then all the boys unitedly yelled and waved when Alma, standing precariously on the seat, pointed to a hamper strapped to the running-board.

"Eats!" howled the truck, and Alma nodded her head, and then sat down, breathless.

"What's it all about?" I asked her. "Have they been away?"

"Oh, no," said she; "they have only been on a hike. Georgie said they would be back about the time we arrived. They went on a hike to Mount Minden."

Something was wrong somewhere. I thought I must have failed to get the right word. "Did I hear you say 'hike'?" I asked.

"Certainly I said 'hike,'" she replied, with some asperity. "They *always* hike in a truck—instead of walking themselves to death on long, dusty roads. And then endangering their hearts and everything climbing mountains when all tired out, and then having to trudge all the way home again!"

We didn't discuss that matter long. Alma got a little cross—for her. She didn't care at all if "hiking" *did* mean "walking." She didn't believe in such strenuous long walks. And the boys weren't allowed to exhaust themselves. So they *always* hiked in a truck; Georgie said so himself, and if *he* called it "hiking," and if even the camp master called it "hiking"—well, that was enough for her!

Soon around a curve appeared a large two-story residence, with striped awnings, wide porches, smooth lawns, and tennis courts. There was even a baseball diamond across the road from it, though just what a summer residence would want with a baseball diamond—

"At last," cried Alma, "here is the camp!"

I stood up in the car and looked around. "Where is the camp?" I asked. "Blessed if I can see it!"

"There, stupid," said she, and pointed right at that residence, over whose porch I now beheld a sign, and, honest to goodness, I actually read thereon:

WILDERNESS MOUNTAIN CAMP

I sank back and knew no more. When I came to Van was at his luggage and Alma was hugging Georgie. For their sakes, I tried to look alive. But my heart was broken.

The hamper was dragged up to Georgie's room, where he and his particular friends gorged and gormandized until they gasped for breath. And shortly afterward nattily attired waitresses served us a very tasty meal in a fine, airy dining-room. You could not have expected anything more complete at a first-class seashore resort.

I think we all enjoyed that meal but Alma and Georgie, for the former was a little worried over the latter's evident lack of appetite. But all was soon forgotten, for at eight there were "movies," except for such youngsters as preferred playing cards or other games, and,

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finally, at about ten, the boys were gently urged towards their rooms.

Van Lennep took me up to Georgie's room. It was quite sizable, and was provided with hot and cold water, and, of course, with electric lights—all quite complete, just as Alma had said.

However, I began looking at Van so meaningly that he grew restless. When I remembered how Van and I, when little older than Georgie, had camped and portaged by ourselves, and traveled all the way from—but why try to express the inexpressible?

"Van," I asked, "do these poor kids ever have a swim?"

"Oh, yes," said he, glad to be able to give an affirmative, "they at least can do that! They have a hundred-foot pool—lined with tile."

"But, Van," I cried, plaintively, "after all we've been through—glory be, old man, you don't call this a 'camp,' do you?" Van turned up his eyes, weakly raised his hands, and gave his shoulders a slight lift. He couldn't have said more in an hour!

Before I turned in I tackled the "camp master" himself—a fine-looking, athletic, and distinctly businesslike man. Legion buttons broke the ice, and the war was fought over again—at least one sector of it, and greatly improved thereby. Then, as I turned to go, said I, "Buddy, between you and me, as man to man, *how come you to call this a camp?*"

"Strictly on the Q. T.," he replied, grinning, "this is no more of a camp than the Waldorf. But what would you have? It is, after all, the very identical thing that *some* parents like—and they are willing to pay well for it. This isn't a *camp,* old chap; it's a business proposition, and I do as much for the kids as I can under the circumstances."

I nodded, and passed on to my comfortable room, with one of his folders—a very fine affair. I turned to the back and read, "Fee, $600." Eighty boys, fee $600. Quite a simple problem in arithmetic to see the good points of the business side of the plan.

I lit right out early in the morning. It got on my nerves. Alma, I'm afraid, was quite indignant over my seeming lack of enthusiasm, but I could not help that. I was stifled, and it irked me sore to be so surrounded by a lot of plump, overfed, under-exercised, badly spoiled boys. So Van ran me down to a sawed-off station, where a consumptive engine dragged one freight and one "combination" car around impossible curves and over equally impossible bumps for hours, stopping at every crossroad and fence corner.

Escaping the train, I managed to hire a car of very ancient vintage from a conversational villager. This was the postmaster and owner of the general store, and in consequence knew every one within a radius of forty miles. He declared that Camp Black Eagle was fully thirty-five miles away, and gave me very clear directions as to the roads.

The ancient vehicle wended its erratic way over all kinds of rough roads, while the scenery became wilder and wilder.

"I came across three youngsters trudging ahead of me"

There was now a tang in the air that really meant something.

Eleven or twelve bumpy miles had gone by, and the late sun was not far from the western mountain-tops when I came across three youngsters trudging ahead of me. They were marching sturdily enough, each one carrying a "horse-collar" pack, and one lugged a small kettle. As I came up they made way for me, and I could see their dusty faces, streaked a little with perspiration.

There is something fetching about most boys, and these lads appealed to me.

"Just in time, men," said I; "jump in."

All three grinned. "Thanks," said one of them, a redhead of about fourteen, "but, you see, we are hiking, and so can't take a lift."

"Bully for you!" I exclaimed. "How far have you come to-day?"

"About twenty miles," said the boy, while the others nodded, "and it's three more to the old barn where we are going to bunk."

"May I ask where you are from?" was my next query, as I kept the car to their pace.

"Camp Black Eagle," said all three. "And we'll get back there to-morrow afternoon," added Redhead.

"Ho!" said I; "then maybe you know my nephew, Ted Murray?"

"Sure we do," said the kettle-carrier. "He's on our hike, and just ahead of us a mile or so. Maybe he's reached the farm and is making a fireplace. He's good at fireplaces."

Thanking them heartily and much pleased, I started Aunt Lizzie, and she clucked and sidled along the dusty road, seemingly as interested as I was. Sure enough, in a little while I came to a clearing and a small farm, and there, by the roadside, were three more youngsters. Among them was Ted, large as life, and beautifully dirty, constructing a small fireplace of flat stones and sod, and adjusting the top for a large, efficient-looking frying-pan.

I drew up and watched, while the lads ignored me. The fireplace finished, and all set for a meal, with a small pile of cut twigs ready, they unrolled their packs on the grass and sorted out towels, soap, and some clothing.

"Ted!" I said, loudly. Ted stood suddenly up and stared. "Well," exclaimed he, staring, "if it isn't my perfectly good uncle!" There were handshakes all around, and then they disappeared into a thicket, from behind which came the sound of a swift stream. Yells and splashes told the rest of the story.

About this time I noticed a little down the road the projecting hobnailed boots of a husky youth of twenty, who was serenely reading and leaning against a tree. I found he "had charge of the gang," as he put it, but, as was quite proper, he let the boys stand as much as possible on their own feet.

By the time the first three arrived and dashed for the brook, the second three, washed and arrayed in clean clothes, made haste to the farm and came back with milk, butter, eggs, potatoes, and other odds and ends. Soon both frying-pan and kettle were doing business on the fireplace and those boys cooked up a very fair meal, in which I was pleasantly allowed to share.

When the shadows of a swift twilight began to fall, everything was cleaned up and away, and the boys were moving toward the fragrant haymow of a little red barn. Waving an arm to Teddy, I went on my way, with very specific directions about recognizing the camp after nightfall.

I could write a great deal about that

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camp, for I remained several days, and then only moved on for fear some village constabule would come for that antique car. I'd like to make a comment or two, however.

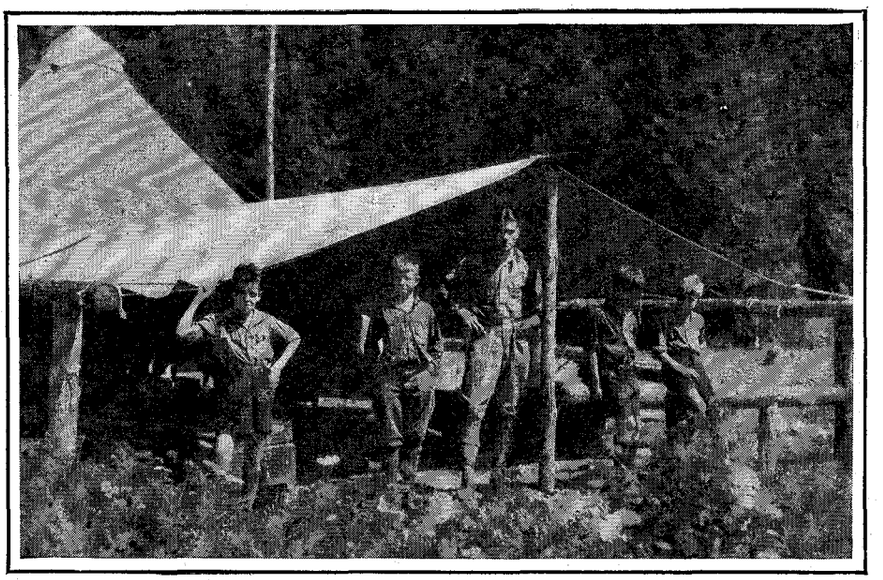
First, it was consoling to find myself actually in a camp. A *camp,* mind you, and not a summer resort filled with all the artificial amusements and easy comforts typical of resorts. Nor was it a boarding-school in disguise. It was, in brief, as I said, a camp.

Next, I'd have you know these independent lads did not have folk running about, doing things for them and keeping them amused. They lived in tents—bless them! And they had put up those tents and manufactured their own furniture, cots and all. They had built every structure, from diving-pier to a rough-and-ready but eminently serviceable mess-hall. So it was *their* camp, because they so largely made it themselves, and they took no end of interest and pride in it, therefore.

But there was more to it than practical camping and elementary field engineering. They had their ball nines, of course, as well as other appropriate sports. But, on the other hand, as was eminently proper, they had many sports and interests not to be found in their schools.

For instance, I once saw a half-dozen boys construct and erect a forty-five-foot tripod tower to carry one end of an aerial. And this job took less than an hour. Another squad of fourteen-year-olders built a thirty-foot bow-string span across the mountain torrent that rushed into their lake. Some hunted high and low, through woods and fields, and made up notable collections of natural curiosities, and still others departed for four and five day hikes to neighboring mountains. It was glorious!

It may be hard to believe, but quite early in the evening the whole crowd turned in, to sleep in their home-made cots, while the clean breezes swept through the tents. And, not far away, around the garnet embers of a campfire, the grown-ups discussed boys, their limitations and possibilities, and planned new procedures to aid their charges develop that initiative and resourcefulness too often denied the city-bred boy of to-day.



"They lived in tents—bless them!"

Finally I tore myself away and, after returning Elizabeth to her loquacious owner, boarded a train and went away from those delectable regions. But I had a duty to perform. When I got back, I went and sailed right into Alma—and almost gave her hysterics.

First of all, I told her that any man who would put boys into a regular hotel and call it a camp should be shot at sunrise, and the first sunrise that came handy.

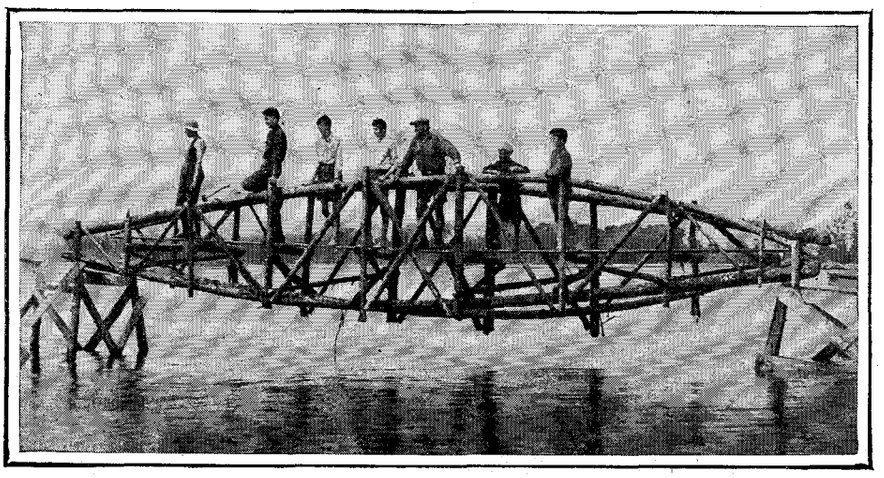
Then I told her that if she wanted her Georgie to be a resourceful and sturdy man, capable of winning out against all the temptations and failings boyhood is heir to, she would never accomplish it by making him into a human marshmallow! That got a first-class rise out of the poor soul, but I was merciless—adamant—and coldly ignored Van's half-approving and half-deprecating hand-wavings.

Then I told her that they were both doing their darnedest to destroy in Georgie every worth-while inherited capacity by giving it no chance for development. I assured them that by the time he was seventeen or eighteen, having learned little self-control and having gained the selfish willfulness typical of badly spoiled youngsters, he'd most likely give them the surprise of their lives by starting out on a regular bat and raising the very mischief until society would come along and wallop him, or a merciful Providence take him none too gently hence.

"The world is alive with that kind!" I declared, shaking an accusing finger under her indignant nose—a nose now red by dint of rubbing away copious tears. "The gay young boob in the $5,000 car may fool some folks, but very rarely himself. Georgie is still a nice youngster," I acknowledged, "though he is getting pudgy and short-winded. But it is not too late. He is young, and still flexible. Wonders can come about in a few weeks at that age and in proper surroundings.

"Give him a chance," I demanded. "Go straightway and drag him from that pernicious summer hotel and go and hoist him into a real camp—put him with Ted, if you like—and then *let him alone for the rest of the summer.* And great will be your reward, now and hereafter!"

And—would you believe it?—they actually went and did it!



Thirty-foot "bow-string" span made by a squad of fourteen-year-olders

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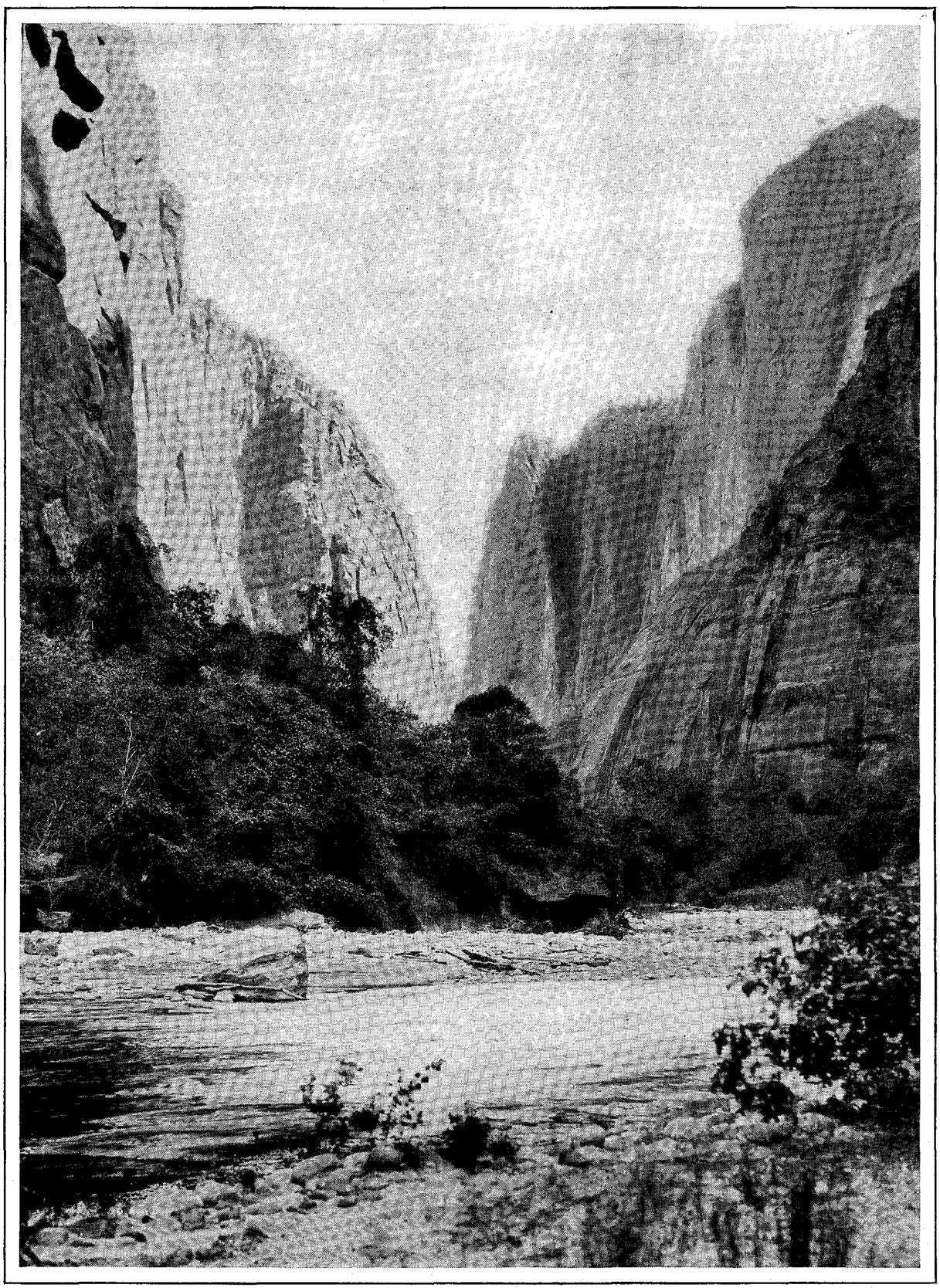
Highlands



Courtesy Union Pacific System

The Narrows, in Zion National Park

For the first time the wonders of Zion National Park, in southern Utah, will facilities for camping will make this new National Park

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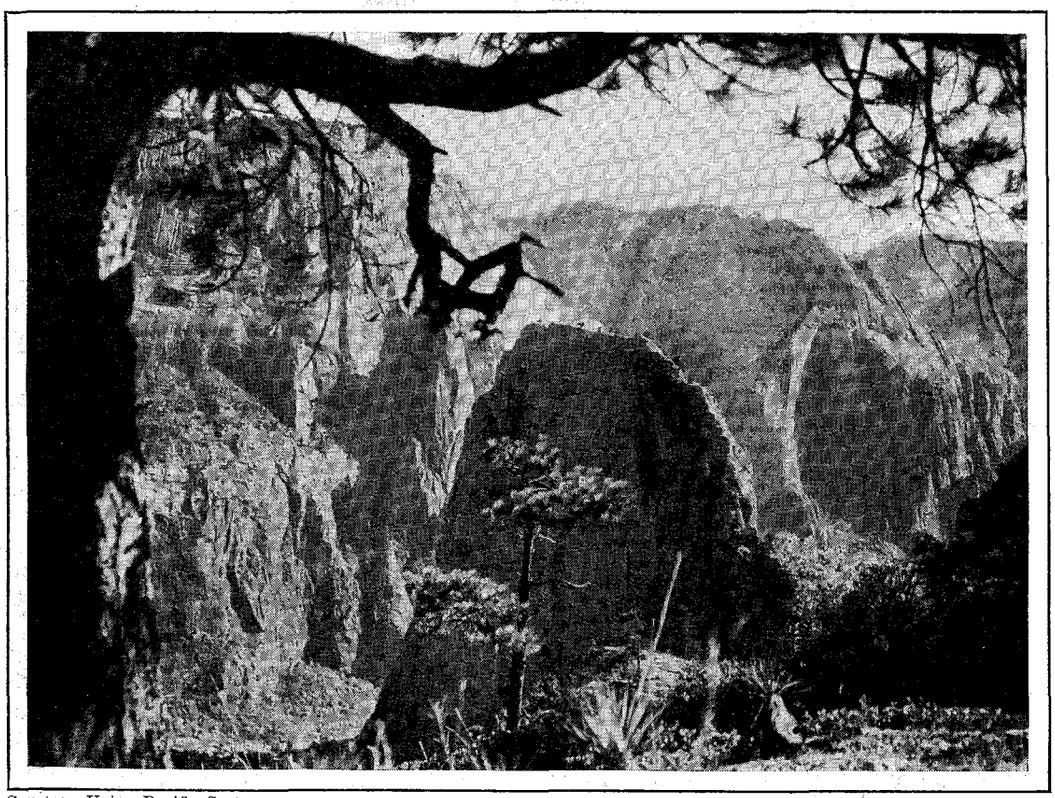
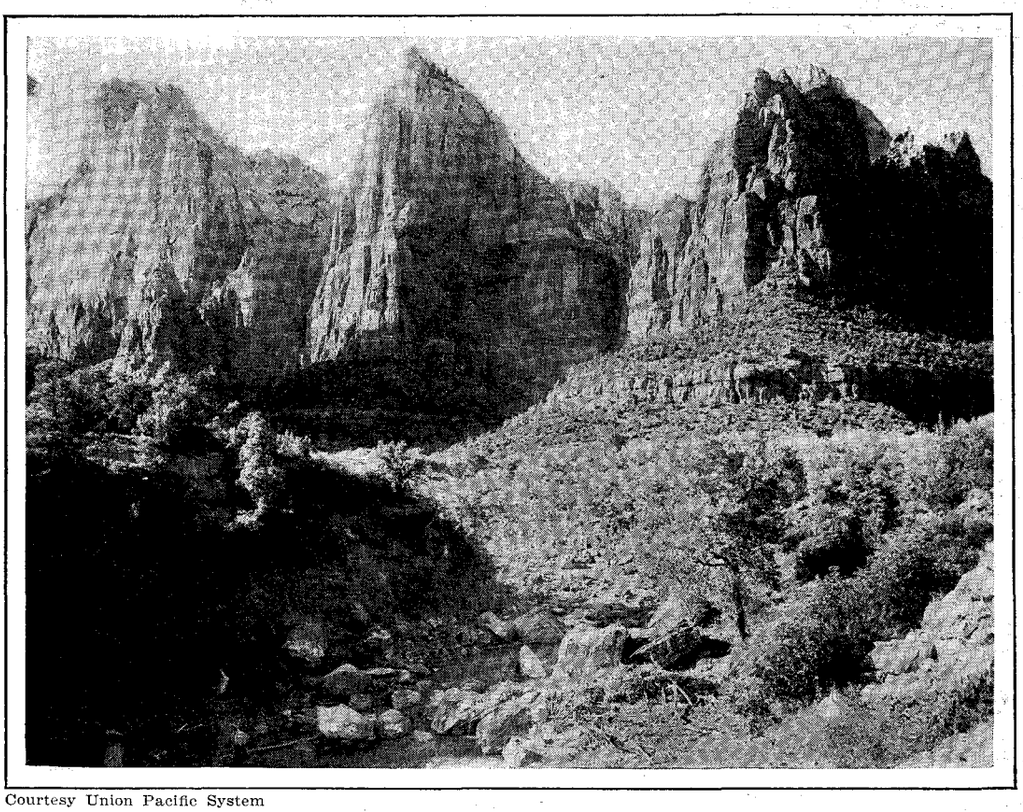
# of Delight



Courtesy Union Pacific System

A striking view from a high point in Zion National Park. Across the canyon at the left is the Great White Throne. The dark pyramid in the center is Angel's Landing



Courtesy Union Pacific System

The Three Patriarchs who watch over Zion National Park

be readily available to the general public. Rail and motor transportation and one of the great recreational centers in the country

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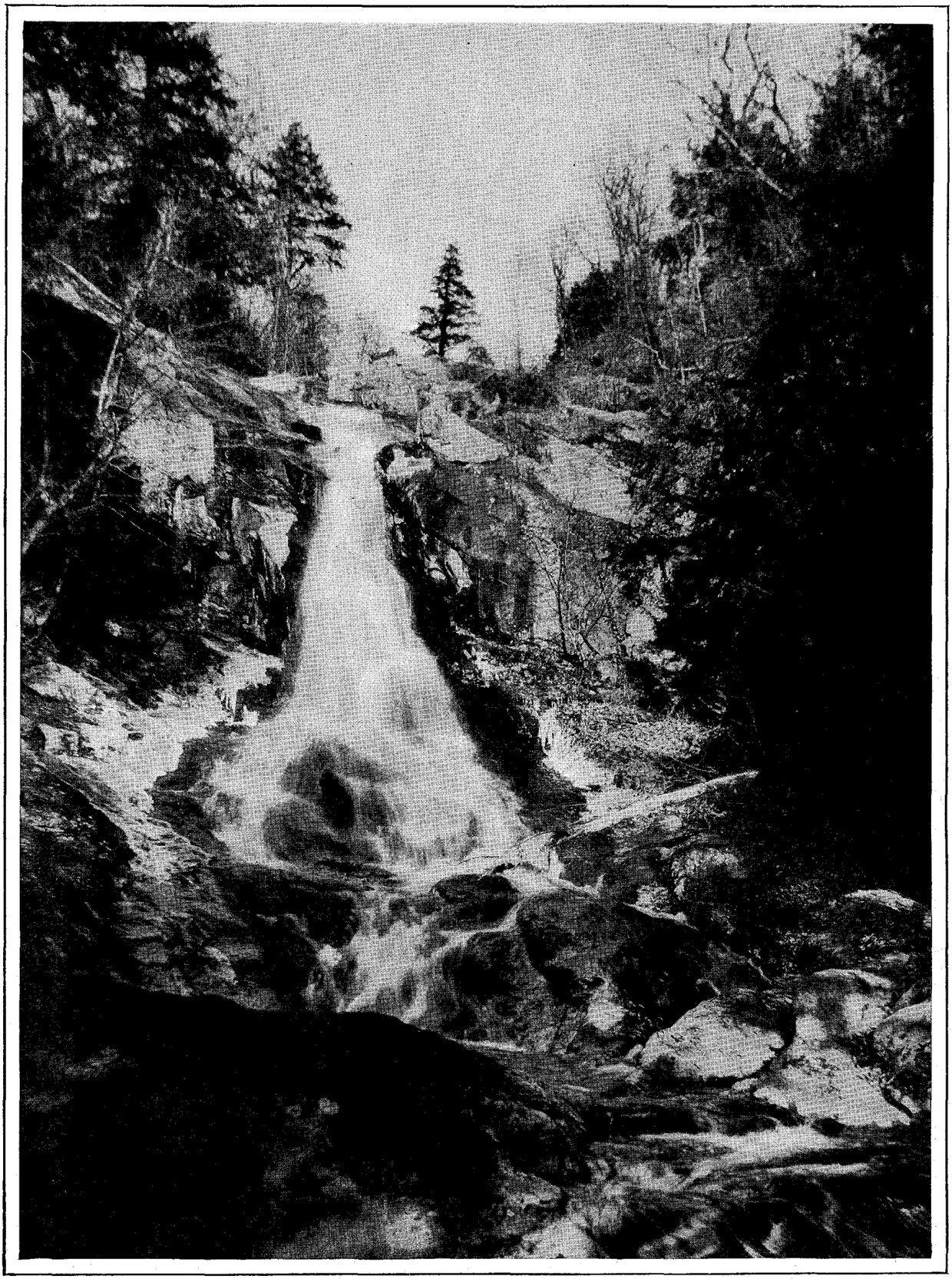
Highlands



Courtesy Virginia State Chamber of Commerce

Falls in Shenandoah National Park, near Waynesboro, Virginia

In the heart of this historic region lies the proposed Shenandoah National Park. The
From the Park can be seen, on a clear day,

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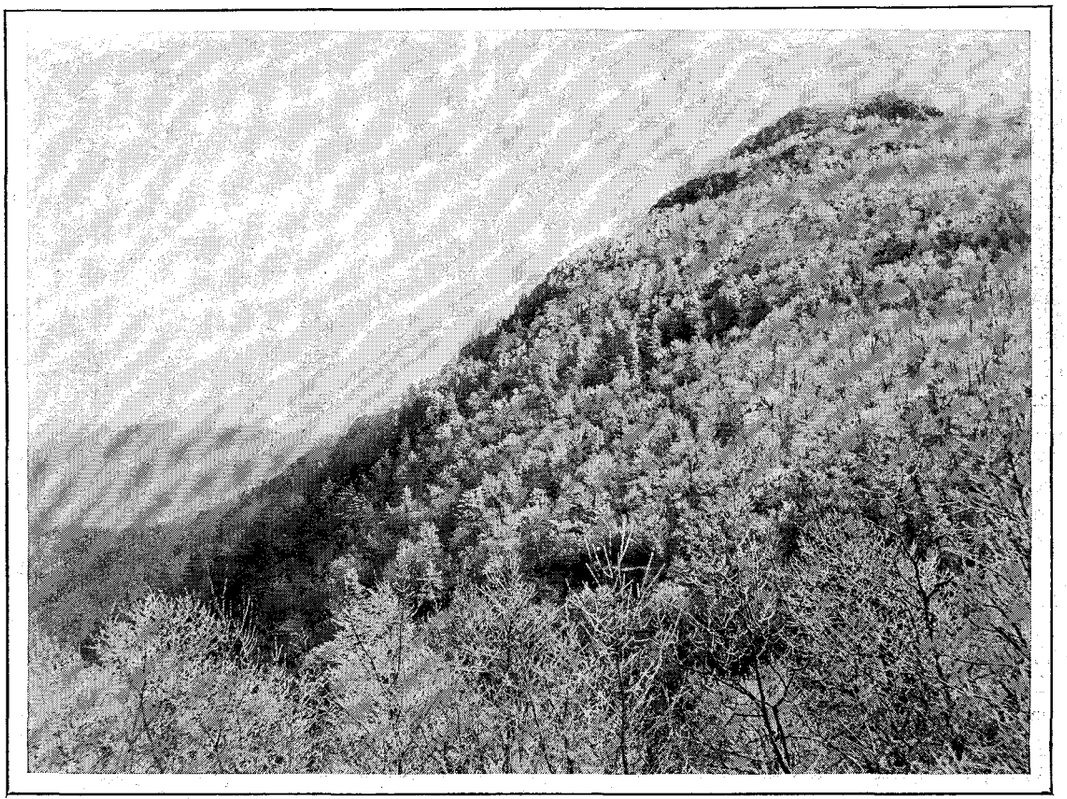
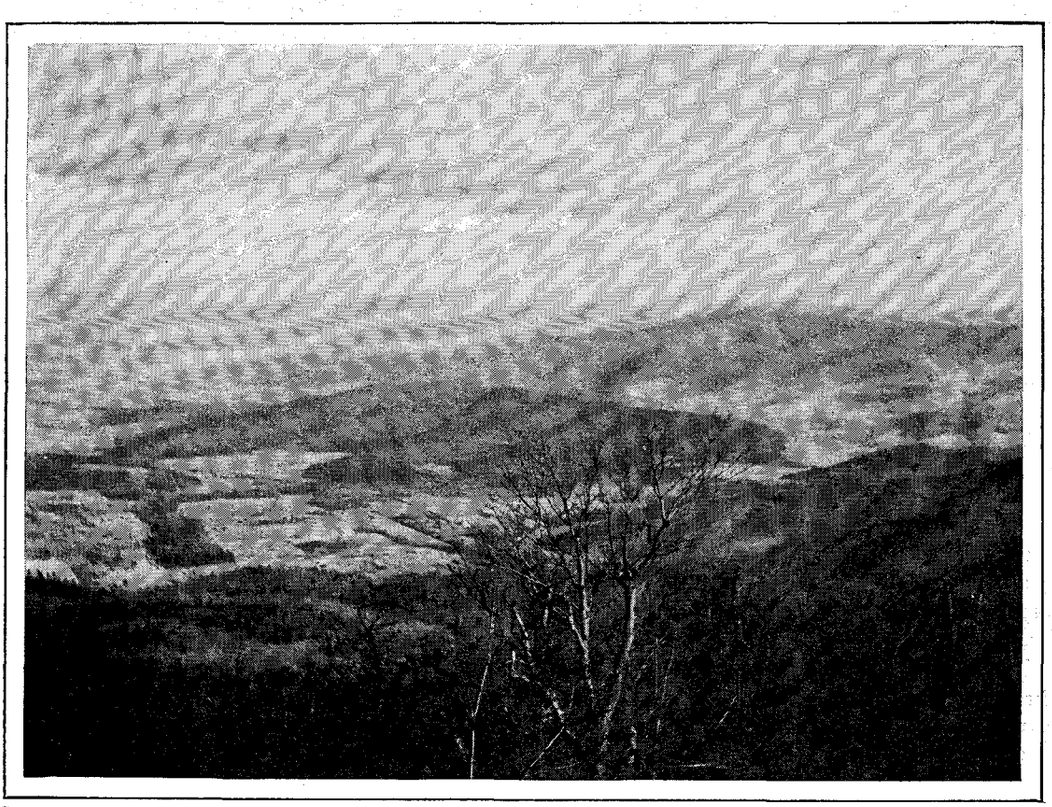
# of Delight



Courtesy Virginia State Chamber of Commerce

Frost flowers in Shenandoah National Park



Courtesy Virginia State Chamber of Commerce

The Shenandoah Valley of Virginia from Hawksbill Peak, in Shenandoah National Park

region chosen extends seventy-five miles along the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. the Washington obelisk in the capital city

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When Frenchmen Go A-Hunting

By LAWRENCE ADLER

A tale of the traditions and trappings of an ancient sport which the French have turned, like most other phases of life, into an art

HUNTING in America is essentially a sportsman's pastime. In France, that land where old traditions cannot die, hunting is still a distinctly social divertisement.

The times of chivalry and royal hunting are long gone by, but some of the pageantry of the past still lingers, and the hunt of to-day remains as an ever-vivid reminder of the spell of former days.

There are two distinct forms of hunting practiced in France: the *chasse à pied* and the *chasse à courre*. The first of these two methods presupposes the use of the rifle or shotgun, and means hunting afoot for birds, rabbits, all variety of smaller game, and occasionally the deer, with or without the aid of a dog. The *chasse à courre*, on the other hand, implies horsemen and hounds, with the wild boar or deer as quarry, and signifies the traditional hunt of kingly times, as it has been continued with but little modification up to the present day.

I was lucky enough to participate in a hunt last autumn in the Department of the Indre. My host was a huntsman of renown, and his *chasses à courre* were events of importance in that part of the French countryside. He lives in one of those delightful old châteaux that have been left unrestored, a rambling vine-clad building, fairly bristling with unexpected *tourelles* and ramparts, and seeming to belong wholly and intimately to its setting of park and woodland.

The country of the Indre is, as the French say, *"un pays bien accidentée,"* and therefore ideal hunting-ground. The wild boar, or *sanglier*, abounds in its forest lands and thickets, and there is likewise sufficient open country to permit the commanding huntsman to follow the progress of his hounds.

I arrived at Château Magnet on a clear, frosty November evening, and at the lodge of the château a resounding horn bade me welcome. My host, a gentleman of the old school, conducted me to a blazing fire in a magnificent, high-paneled room filled with trophies of the hunt. A wild boar's head crowned the mantel and antlers of all kinds and descriptions engirdled the walls. A festive party of guests, consisting of friends and neighbors (neighbors in this part of France implies all acquaintance within a radius of from fifty to seventy-five miles), were already marshaled at their places in the dining-room. We sat down to a cozy dinner, consisting largely of partridge and rabbit, enlivened by a particularly mellow vintage of Château Yquem. Then stories by the fireside.

Early on the next morning the yelping of hounds, the sounding of horn calls, and the arrival of many horsemen aroused me. Stealing a glance out of my turreted window, I saw, to my delight, that the men were for the most part clad in old-time hunting costumes, magnificently mounted, wearing blue velvet coats, plum-colored vests, white stocks, and broad velvet-banded hats. The courtyard below was fairly breathless with the stir of coming adventure. I hurried into my riding costume and joined the party of horsemen. My host's thirty or forty English hounds were already in a state of great excitement, evidently realizing that they were an important feature of the day's sport and loth to permit even the music of the horn to give the signal for the start.

We are off, the horsemen starting at a fast trot, followed at a more leisurely pace by the ladies in their automobiles. The day is clear and bracing—the horse takes the road lightly and easily. "Oh, the wild joys of living!" says Browning's Saul. One realizes a bit of this on a good horse's back. But the horn is sounding the call of the "found trail," and the hounds are dashing into the thickets and underbrush. A bit of cross-country does not frighten my horse, but he is quite particular about choosing his own path and is coaxed only with some difficulty into following the man in front.

The *chasse à courre* is deservedly the most popular form of French hunting, for, besides hounds, horses, and horn calls that have become traditional, it means, above all, the jolly fellowship of the chase. My comrade of the moment glows with enthusiasm as he describes his native sport. He is one of those debonair, finely chiseled featured Frenchmen who might, for all the world, have stepped out of a page of Dumas. According to his idea, he confides to me, "one must live intensely in order to have extraordinary sensations, and every-dayness must be avoided if life is to be a high adventure."

But hark! There is the second horn call. The *sanglier* is in view for just a moment. He has doubled in his tracks on hearing the yelping of the hounds, and we can see him quite clearly through one of those luminous aisles that are characteristic of the French forests. He is a big, ugly brute and will be good game. Unfortunately for the hounds, however, the weather has been a bit dry, and the scent is not easy to follow. But now they have caught it again. The whole pack is in sight, hot on the trail. The boar evidently realizes his danger, for he turns at right angles and dives into the heaviest thickets. But he has been a bit too slow. The horsemen have heard the call "in view," and arrive at fast gallop from every section of the wood. The master of the hunt rides up and orders the *piqueurs* to advance cautiously into the thicket where the hounds have brought the boar to bay. The *piqueurs* on foot, armed with stout pikes and hunting knives, lead the procession. It is a tense moment. The boar, harried by the excited hounds, is apt to lose his head and charge wildly at the first horseman he spies. A boar's tusks are not to be scorned. But the *piqueurs* are well trained in their art, and advance stealthily from behind, while the rest of us form a semicircle, *en tirailleurs*, in the rear.

At this moment the boar, surprised by the movement from an unexpected quarter, turns abruptly from the hounds, only to receive a thrust from the *piqueur's* long hunting-knife that severs his jugular. The short struggle is over, and a triumphant horn fanfare re-echoes through the forest, announcing the end of the boar. The ladies arrive in time to see the killing. Congratulations are exchanged and there is much admiration for the size and formidable tusks of the *sanglier*. The procession is formed once more. The great animal is with difficulty hoisted onto a roughly improvised chariot of planks and conveyed through the forest by a group of admiring peasants, while we horsemen gallop merrily homeward, followed by the pack of panting but contented hounds.

As we approach Château Magnet the mellow November twilight envelops the uplands, and as we enter the courtyard the golden afterglow of an adventurous

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day in the open is reflected on the upturned faces of gallant Frenchmen and their ladies bidding us an unforgetable *au revoir.*

As for that redoubtable brute, the *sanglier,* he was disposed of several days later amid great jubilation at a feast that cannot be briefly described. I can only say that he was most tender, and that I found his flavor superior even to venison, and wholly suggestive of the tang of the forests of Indre.

Woods Honor

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

THE fish are boiling up off the mouth of the brook. The city man in the bow of the canoe is a good fellow. He happens to notice the wistful expression on the young guide's face, and passes his rod back with, "Here, Bill, have a try."

Does Bill have a try? Not if he can boast a shred of woods honor. For the professional forest code obliges him to show his client, or "sport," the best possible time. Still wistful, he hands the rod back with the guide's stock bromidiom, "It pleases me more fer to see ye ketch 'em nor to ketch 'em myself."

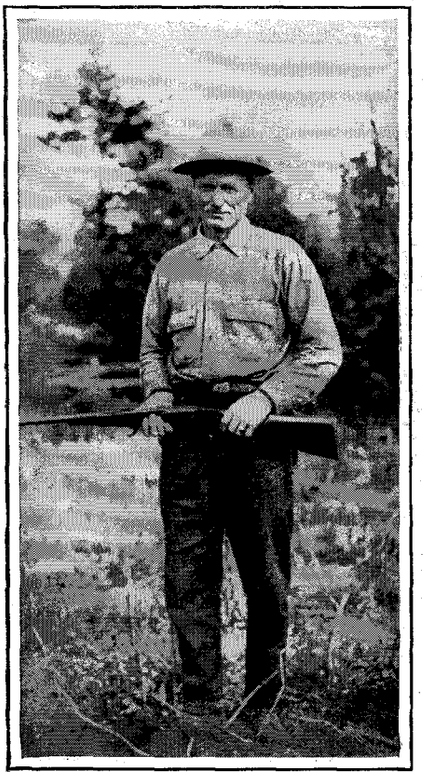
Honor is highly specialized in the woods. A guide must not blunder into trout holes nor paddle like a side-wheel ferry-boat. When stalking game, he must not let the dry sticks perform machine-gun volleys under his feet.

The two major commandments of woods honor concern the chief essentials for preserving life and health in almost any emergency and that respect and confidence of the city folks which may save lives in a pinch. The first commandment is: Thou shalt keep thy dignity. Let me tell how Alec kept his, in spite of the lady sport and the Red Ibis.

Old Alec, the dean of the Allagash guides, was out fishing with a lady. That is, he was paddling and the lady was trying to fish. Now, in few other activities are sex differences more strongly marked than in this business of fly casting. Before they attempt another cast, men usually manage to get the leader stretched out fairly straight and the flies approximately at the surface of the water.

Not so the ladies. Four out of every five of them feel a mysterious call to give the rod a ceremonious forward dip in preparation for the back cast. The start of this maneuver looks charming. But it seldom works out so well. For it usually causes the line to settle in concentric circles about the neck of the unfortunate male in the stern of the canoe. As for the keen little feathered hooks, they either make for his sweater, high up along the spinal column, out of reach, or else they affix themselves like sportive butterflies to the lobes of his ears.

In response to Alec's "Keep that thar



The late Bob Macdougal, the author's favorite guide

line comin' all the time!" his passenger only dipped the rod more ceremoniously before each back cast. Alec performed prodigies of dodging as the hooks whistled about his ears. Dodging of such vigor would have swamped any waterman of less virtuosity. But it was all in vain. For at last the lady sport, obeying those strange dictates of sex, actually smote the water with her tip, gave a dodge-proof heave, and hooked the record fish of her career.

When the whirling loops of line cleared away, there sat Alec, with the barb of the tail fly, the great Red Ibis, firmly embedded in his nose, lending superfluous color to an organ at all times sufficiently rubicund. And, as he vainly tugged it this way and that, the nose began to reciprocate and give an even more sanguine hue to the fly.

At length he saw it was no use, plunged into his trousers' pocket for the faithful "toad-stabber," opened it, polished the blade on his thigh, and handed the knife to the lady sport.

"What is this for?" she fluttered.

"Fer to cut this here hook out o' my nose."

She gave a little strangled scream.

"Oh, I couldn't possibly do that! The very sight of blood turns me faint."

"Madame," returned Alec, in his not-to-be-denied voice, "ye've got it to do. Why, I wouldn't take fi' hunderd dollars an' go back to camp with this here Red Ibis in my nose!"

THE last commandment of woods honor is the most important: Thou shalt not swamp. Canoeing is one of the chief modes of transportation in the woods, and often through stormy lakes and fiercely treacherous rapids. A single departure from cool generalship, an instant's "unhandiness" with paddle or setting-pole, may destroy your passengers and your dishonored self. So there is no place for a swamper in the forest scheme of things. He is a menace to society.

The first time I ever assisted in person at the death of a woods honor was when my brother Tom lost his. Now Tom had never wet a pole in a rapid. As for me, I had never even been down one. But Tom is the dauntless sort. He volunteered to be my amateur guide down the vigorous reaches of the Allagash.

There were two other sports in the party, the Pope and the Imp. Each had a professional to propel him. The Imp's canoe pioneered ahead to find the channel, the Pope's came last. Tom was superb. His pole and paddle could do no wrong, even in the "feather-white" climax of Chase's Carry. (Exactly who Chase was I do not know. But I have always thought highly of the man's common sense in carrying his canoe at this point.)

The spring water in the bright new tin pail under Tom's seat was never once diluted with river drink. That is to say, until we had reached the strong rapids that culminate in Allagash Falls, the Niagara of Maine. There the leading guide made a "misgo," and yelled back to us to keep out from shore. Deafened and awestruck by the music of the rock-shaking cataract ahead, Tom interpreted the yell to mean "inshore,"

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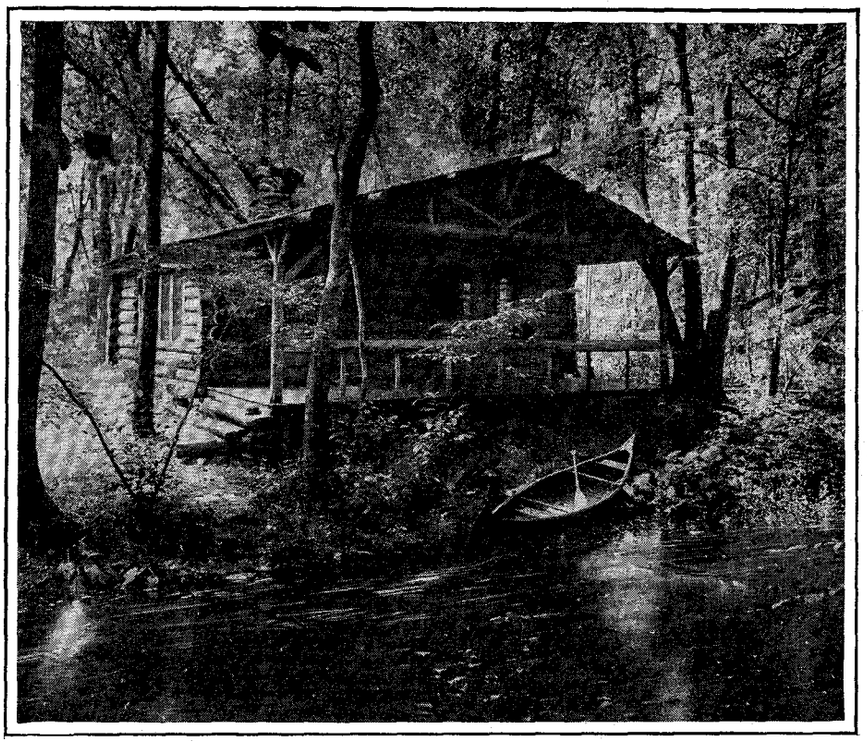

Here is the cabin that Mr. Schauffler and two of his old guides built in Scituate, Massachusetts, out of Maine logs. The camp is only twenty-eight miles from Boston

and promptly ran us on a rock. My bow paddle pushed back with perhaps excessive vigor, and we slid swiftly upstream into deep water.

I do not know what made me glance around just then. I felt no jar. I heard nothing abnormal. It must have been telepathy. For when I looked back, I was alone in the canoe.

Then a troubled radiance gleamed in the waters of the starboard side. And, to my stupefaction, our new tin water pail, bright as Excalibur, struggled up from the lower depths. But, instead of a mystic hand emerging from a Tennysonian lake, there then appeared a number eight shoe of moderate attractiveness. For a brief moment it balanced the tin grail neatly in air. Then it was followed by the apparition of a dripping and furious Tom. How he and the bucket managed to make that neat exit from the canoe without my knowledge or consent will forever remain a mystery to all concerned.

In a tactful silence we reached the head of the carry, and started to lug the "duffle." The silence was broken by the Pope, heavy with suppressed glee. "My dear Tom, when you have cooled—I mean to say, dried—off a bit, I really must take occasion to tell you how splendidly you kicked the bucket!"

Then I witnessed the one cruel act of Tom's kindly life. There is in Maine a certain little bird which I have never come across elsewhere. It is doubtless an irritating creature to have around at a time like this. When poor Tom stumbled dripping ashore, one of these birds alighted on a tree over the landing. From time to time it gave vent to a peculiar refrain. Its voice was more conversational than lyrical, as though it had been brought up chiefly on free verse. It sang in a bored, disillusioned way, as if some victim of a hazing party were being made to repeat a Pollyannesque formula without conviction. Looking straight at Tom, it remarked, "Three cheers!" That was the first and last time I ever saw Tom shoot a song-bird.

YES, Thou shalt not swamp, is the chief commandment of woods honor even for the amateur woodsman. But swamping is not nearly so dishonorable if you can escape detection.

Until I unexpectedly lost it I was extremely proud of my own woods honor. I had guided tenderfeet down the swollen Allagash and the tricky Machias without shipping a drop. And nothing was farther from my confident dreams than to swamp in a small glassy lake.

Porcupine Pond cannot boast many large trout, but it has one attraction. At sundown during a particular week of midsummer thousands of large white millers hatch out on its bottom and, leaving their low-vaulted past, float to the surface, where they are greedily gobbled up by the frantic trout. For three-quarters of an hour every evening during that festival week the whole surface is ashimmer with débutante white wings and asplash with the leapings of fish.

Now I am known to the forest folk of Maine by the somewhat Indian-sounding title of The Man Who Walks Alone in the Woods.

This particular year I managed to make Porcupine for the opening night of the White Miller show. Lon, the proprietor of its sporting camp, greeted me with: "Man, the pond's fair alive with them moth millers!"

Tarrying for no formalities, I grounded my pack, shoved the rod together anyhow, threaded the line through most of the guides, slipped a huge white feather-duster of a fly on the end of the leader, grabbed my foolish little landing-net, and jumped into the first canoe in sight, without even loading a rock into the bow to balance my account with it.

A few earnest strokes carried me around the bend into the shadowy cove. Swish! swish! The line lengthened. The feather-duster touched the surface. A violent splash! Away went the duster. And I was fast to the heaviest trout I had ever encountered in Porcupine.

He took all the measures known to the most gallant traditions of his kind. He did his best to foul the line among the pond lilies. He wrapped it around himself like a life-preserver. He made three delightful leaps while shaking his head in the air. He dived under the canoe. He scraped his nose on the bottom and muttered savage threats. All no use. But by the time he was tired enough to consider capturing, the visibility had grown very low.

Shaking with eagerness (and with the instability of the stern-heavy canoe), I reached for the landing-net. Now I have a prejudice against a large net. It makes things too easy for the fisherman. I mean the well-known kind with a maw like a hockey goal and a handle like a broom. My own is very different. A small flapper could use it to confine her locks. Its handle is not five feet, but five inches long. Cunning calculation, experience, and a conservative instinct are needed to do execution with my net.

But let us pause a moment and mark the distribution of forces in this naval engagement. My left hand grasped the rod. The senior inhabitant of Porcupine, having dived under the canoe, was now on its left side. My unstable craft, with airy prow and deeply sunken stern, still described in air and water an enlarged graph of my antagonist's every gyration.

My right hand wielded the net. Now, if you have ever tried to scoop up a large fish with your right hand on your left side, with the canoe tilting half out

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of water, you will recognize how foolish I was. I haled my prize in as close as possible. But there was life in the old fish yet. Straining, I extended the net as far as caution permitted. And still there was an inch to go.

Of course, if at this point I had only shifted the rod to the right hand and the net to the left, all would have been well. But my short-range view of Porcupine's leviathan worked against the necessary coolness of head (though the temperature of the latter was soon destined to fall abruptly). Then, too, the triumph of any angler—complete or incomplete—always varies directly as the square of his difficulties. It is more blessed to lure a minnow with magic art from the mazes of an alder thicket than to haul in bovine three-pounders amid the flawless comfort of Yellowstone Lake. Echoes of the Marquis of Montrose drifted through my brain:

> He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> That dares not put it to the touch
> To gain or lose it all.

I put it to the touch. My right arm stretched the one inch more. There was a cataclysmic splash. At one stride came the dark, as it came to the Ancient Mariner. I drank deep of the waters of Porcupine.

Struggling back to the sunset and evening star, I listened anxiously for "one clear call for me" from possible witnesses of my downfall. It did not come. A bit of luck! Nobody had heard me swamp. Honor was still safe. I would just swim the canoe ashore, empty it, and sneak back, under the providential cover of night, to cabin and bed and those two fingers of sunshine at the bottom of the flask. None need ever learn my shame.

But hold! What was that thrillingly familiar sensation in the left arm? What was it I grasped? Shades of Izaak Walton, it was a fishing rod! A rod bent double under a powerful strain. The reel vented an abrupt sort of aqueous screech. *Prosit omen!* The senior trout of Porcupine was still on! Furthermore, he had been galvanized into newness of life by having me fall on him. Ah, things were indeed going swimmingly.

I trod water and worked the reel, checking his crazed rushes with difficulty. That little trick landing-net was floating within reach. Having no other place handy, I put it on like the flapper's hair net.

It is odd how soon one tires of treading water in hobnail boots and a woolen sweater, even though toying with a trout. Water is, at best, an unsatisfactory thing to kick. It never knows when it has had enough, or you either. With appreciation I remembered some other lines by Tennyson:

> O let the solid ground
> Not fail beneath my feet.

Presently I concluded that something would have to be done. I wished to preserve honor; but I wanted that trout too. It was a problem how to keep both. It was a problem, that is to say, until I heard Lon wheeze. Distant sounds carry remarkably to an ear as close to the surface of still water as mine was.

Lon wheezed and, I regret to say, expectorated. I could hear the metallic impact on the surface beside the dock around the bend. Perhaps I could arrange to keep both the fish and the honor.

"Lon!" I observed in a muffled tone. Vocal sounds travel well when your mouth is as close to the water as mine was.

"Hey?" answered Lon.

"Come here."

"Whar be ye?"

"Round in the cove. A little speed!"

A canoe came nosing my way. Lon stood up, shaded his eyes against the last gleam from the west, and peered about him mystified.

"Whar be ye?"

"Sshh! Not so loud! Look here, I've got a good one."

Lon's moon-face appeared gliding above me. Lon's moon-eyes took in the situation. Lon's moon-belly shook with inner commotion.

"Sh'd think ye hed!"

He plucked my head-dress and made to scoop up the fish.

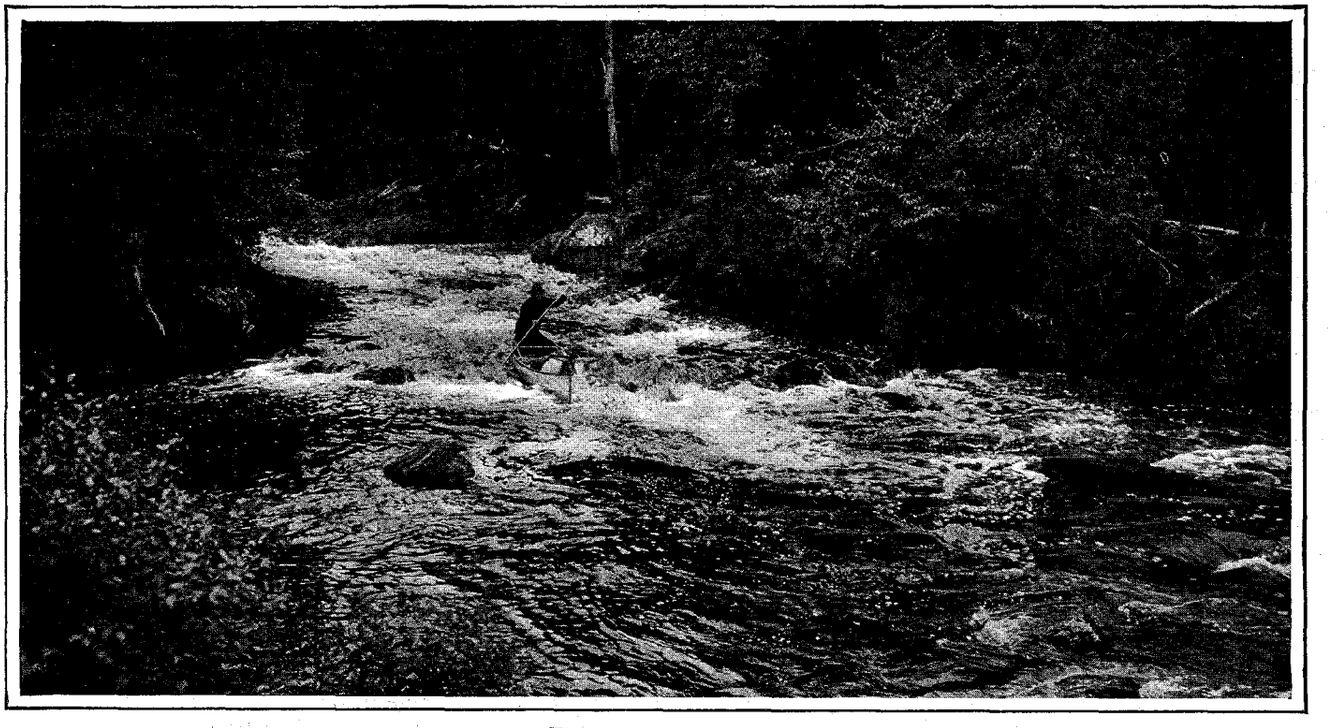
"Say, why don't ye throw 'way this here teaspoon an' git a *net?*"

"Under the circumstances, Lon, that is an academic question. Know what an academic question is, Lon?"

Snorts. Swoops. Splashings. Struggles. Violent wheezes and expectorations. Flappings of a large slippery body.

"Two pounds ef he's an ounce! Best traout ever I seed in Porcupine!"

We pulled the canoe upon a rock,



Thou shalt not swamp

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emptied her, and paddled to camp. *En route* I made it clear to Lon that I would have let the fish go and slipped back unostentatiously had I not been satisfied that my honor was safe in his keeping. And Lon swore by the dingmaul of Doubletop Mountain that he would be a model of discretion.

"Did ye think as how ever I'd squeal on ye? Not but what," he added, as he built a roaring fire in my cabin, "not but what that thar fish didn't do ye proud!"

And yet the following summer, when I reached Porcupine for the opening night of the great White Miller show and shook hands with Lon on the dock among his sports, how did the perfidious wretch greet me?

"Now don't ye go cuttin' up no more o' them shines!" he admonished. And from the congregational laugh that arose I gathered that Lon had "squealed," and that my woods honor was with the trout of yesteryear.

Say What You Will

By DOROTHY BURGESS

KINDLE your camp-fire, or upon a beach
Make of piled driftwood by a shadowed sea
A colored blaze. In hospitality
Burn your brown logs. Then shall your quiet speech
Be all of this and that. Say what you will,
Your eyes adore the flame, the flying spark,
Red embers or blue smoke against the dark,
For you remember ancient worship still.

Walking

By EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

I LIVE in a city where nobody walks. Hundreds of thousands of people—growling if they use their feet at all—go from railway to street car, from ferry to subway, from elevated to bus, from tube to taxi. Or motor cars take them from their front doors to their offices, and back again. There are lifts and moving stairways to help them up or down, and every contrivance to promote the atrophy of the human leg. They say they haven't time to walk—and wait fifteen minutes for a bus to carry them an eighth of a mile. They pretend that they are rushed, very busy, very energetic; the fact is, they are lazy.

A few quaint persons—boys, chiefly—ride bicycles. One amazing eccentric sometimes rolls by with small rubber-tired wheels attached to his feet. Another, with a lady, used to drive a coach and four past my office every afternoon. As he had a man in livery to sound a yard of brass horn from time to time, it was surmised that it was not his object to escape observation. Can it be said that anybody walks? The bare-headed stroller in silk shirt and white flannel trousers, who carried a rose, and made no complaint to the police if folk turned their heads as he passed, has also vanished. Tens of thousands drag slowly, very slowly, like snails through molasses, along the sidewalks for half an hour at noon. They keep up just enough momentum to avoid pitching forward on their faces. As soon as they are indoors again every last one of them will wait twenty minutes to crowd into an already jammed and stuffy elevator, rather than walk up even one flight of stairs. What is more extraordinary, they will wait, with the same patience, rather than walk *down* a flight or two. And if they should have to go either way as far as four flights, and the lift should break down, they would wait in the corridor until they died and their bones whitened on the floor before they could even consider that amount of effort. Nobody walks—except Mr. John Finley, and he, I am told, often goes on foot around the whole island of Manhattan.

The addiction to the use of the elevator in every American city is a matter of curious interest. In the sky-scraper, of course, it is a necessity; nobody is expected to be so prodigal of time and strength as to climb many flights, lightly to vault up four pair of stairs, like Thackeray—or Béranger, rather—in the brave days when he was twenty-one. When I guide sight-seeing friends to the top of the Woolworth Building (and there is no more marvelous five-minute excursion anywhere), or when duty suggests that I ascend to the lesser height of The Outlook offices, I meekly enter the elevator with the rest. But I refer to this odd custom of waiting long and long to be hauled up one or two flights, or, stranger still, to be dropped a couple of floors. This, I think, is not due to laziness so much as to our National superstitious veneration for machines. The city man is afraid to walk lest some one take him for a Rube. If he is seen descending the stairs, he fears that he may be thought ignorant of the blessings of science; it may appear that he does not know about elevators, or that he distrusts them; that he is, in short, guilty of the great American sin of not being up to date. The machines are beginning to tyrannize over us, as Samuel Butler predicted. We often listen to dreadful stuff on the radio that we wouldn't tolerate for an instant if it didn't come "on the air;" we slavishly wait while a foolish mechanical contrivance agitates a drink at a soda-water fountain, when it could be as well done, with less effort and in one-quarter the time, by the hand of man wielding a spoon. The seller of drinks in a small town is miserable until he gets one of these electrical contraptions installed, so that he and his customers may feel that the city is not getting too far ahead. How much time and money we waste on things that superficially appear to be modern, time-saving, and enterprising!

Walking, or physical effort of any kind, unless done on the prescribed athletic field or grounds, and in the proper costume, is decidedly out of the mode; not only is it unfashionable, it is almost a sign of degradation. Smith must ride in his car to the station every morning, not that he would not enjoy the short walk, but because Jones rides, and he,

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Smith, does not want to be a piker. The two of them, Smith and Jones, are going to the club for an afternoon of golf, during which they will walk three or four miles. The car is out of repair, or a tire needs changing. It will take thirty minutes to an hour to get the car ready; the club can be reached in fifteen minutes on foot. Their golf clubs and clothes are in their lockers at the clubhouse; they might walk down the road, foot-loose and fancy free, and have time for an additional hole or two at the end of the afternoon. Will they do it? With ninety-nine Smiths and Joneses out of a hundred, they will not. They must waste an hour and then roll up to the club in a car, because everybody does. Their credit might be impaired if they were seen walking. It costs more to ride, therefore it must be better.

I have had far too many good times and seen, thanks to automobiles, too many pleasant places to become sour about motor transportation. Moreover, there were years, in the high and far-off days of 1917-18, when I was a shameless cadger of rides, at all hours of the night and day; when the chugging of a motor was a happy sound, and the question whether it meant the major-general's car or a truck carrying a box or two of young pigs was a matter of indifference to me, so that the chauffeur were generously inclined. But the country roads are being utterly ruined for walkers, and the American waist-line is steadily growing in circumference, and these things, I venture to suggest, are matters for regret.

There was a Sunday of last spring, almost exactly one year ago, when upon the road between Easthampton and Montauk Point there might have been observed, not a solitary horseman, but about eleven thousand automobiles. In the dust, some of them may have escaped me; perhaps there were more. There was a solitary traveler on foot, and that traveler was I. From Easthampton to the light at the tip of Long Island, and back to Montauk Village, is twenty-five miles, perhaps a little more. It is a cheering thing to a middle-aged gentleman of sedentary habit, and not precisely lissome in figure, to find that he can take that walk, carrying a pack most of the way. That he can, moreover, do it without hurry, and with ease and pleasure, between the hours of a fairly late breakfast and a dinner in the early evening, and that afterwards he does not require the treatment for blisters, or any restoratives other than to eat dinner and to go to bed when it gets so late that there is nothing else to do. And that next day he does not have to lie swaddled on a shelf nor limp about with a cane, but can take an early train back to the city and to work as usual. After this bit of boasting, I can leave discussion of the physical aspects of such a walk, merely remarking that thousands of other middle-aged gentlemen who never allow themselves to walk five miles could do the same thing, if they wished to, and if they didn't consider it, on the whole, an idiotic performance. Idiotic, because nobody does it, and because the good American, thinking himself a rebel, is actually a thorough conformist.

I ought to say that the thousands of motorists who were riding that day took care to let me know what they thought of the one man who was walking. Dust and gasoline fumes were generously bestowed; honking, snarling, and sneering automobile horns were employed, sometimes with the humorous effect of making the pedestrian jump for his life; and the lesson was driven home that a walker has no business on the roads, and that he well deserves to get crippled a bit, in a manner which ought to satisfy Mr. Rolls-Royce, the Messrs. Ford, or Mr. Cadillac himself. One wag, a mile or two from Montauk Light, leaned far out of his car and convulsed the ladies with him by asking me if I were looking for Brooklyn—a jest so exquisite (since Brooklyn is at the other end of Long Island) that, as usual, I was unable to think of any brilliant reply.

A mile or two beyond Amagansett there is a sudden jog in the road, and the character of the land changes. It is like reaching the timber-line in the mountains. Sand-dunes still to the right and for a few hundred yards between the road and the sparkling ocean. On the other side, curiously desolate and curiously beautiful hills separate the road from the bay and the Sound. Trees, shrubs, flowers, birds even, seem to be of different varieties from those you have been meeting. Some strange geological event took place here long ago, and its effects are plain to see. Lines from Moody's "Gloucester Moors" run in your head:

Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June. . . .

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
Beach-peas blossom late.
By copse and cliff the swallows rove
Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea-gulls go,
And the land-birds all are here,
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow
Was a scarlet tanager.

Moody dwelt upon the joy and privilege of such a day, far from the city and its less fortunate dwellers:

To be out of the moiling street
With its swelter and its sin!
Who has given to me this sweet
And given my brother dust to eat,
And when will his wage come in?

But I somewhat unsympathetically reflected, as my brothers, the garment-makers of New York, dashed by me in their automobiles, that I, at least, was quite guiltless of giving *them* any dust to eat.

This end of Long Island is the home of romance to-day, the scene of plot and struggle and fight between rum-runner and "revenooer," to be as picturesque, perhaps, in another century, as smuggler and exciseman in the third King George's day. On the beach, where the waves broke over her submerged deck, was the wreck of a schooner. Deep in her hold, and forever lost in the sand, so a man sadly told me, were hundreds of cases of gin. But her spars and what remained of her rigging were as graceful against the blue sky as if she had been engaged in a traffic more prosaic, but wholly licit.

It seemed to me that I was mistaken within the course of a few hours for a member of both armies in the fight for and against the Demon Rum. The caretaker of a cottage who, after only a few minutes' acquaintance, invited me to spend the night there may have been attracted by my beautiful eyes. But the glances which he cast at my pack made me suspect that he thought I was carrying samples of a nefarious trade—that I was a wandering and humble bootlegger. He would have been disappointed to find that the most interesting thing in my pack was Don Marquis and Christopher Morley's novel "Pandora," published that week, describing that very region. And I suffered from another suspicion, equally unjust and far more grievous, since it resulted not in an offer, but in a denial of hospitality. In a little café near the lighthouse some of the motorists were eating and drinking. (I have no evidence that they were drinking anything stronger than coffee.) When I came in and asked, first the waitress and then the proprietress for a bottle of ginger ale—which I protest was what I wanted—they denied that they had it. They were not even complaisant toward my hint for a glass of fair, cool water, but told me I could get it "back at the village"—six dusty miles away! I think they took me for a "revenooer," leading up to an attempt to catch them with the goods. So beloved are the agents of the law!

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Golf As I Have Seen It

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

A LADY once asked Dr. Samuel Johnson how he came to define *pastern* as the *knee* of a horse in his famous dictionary. Without hesitation or excuse, he frankly answered, "Ignorance, madam; pure ignorance!"

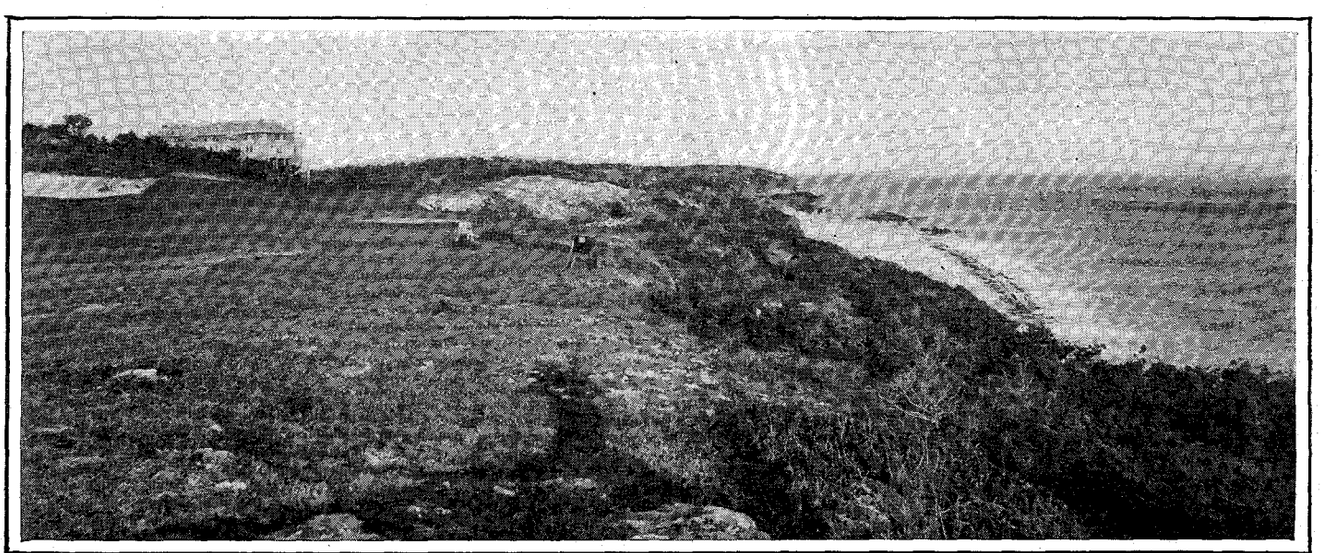
Although the United States has now more golf-courses, more golfers, and more golf experts than Scotland, the ancient home of the game, ever dreamed to be possible, there is still a good deal of pure ignorance, even among accomplished and devoted players of the game, about its history and literary technology. For instance, excellent players are sometimes heard to refer to golf clubs as golf sticks. This is enough to make old Tom Morris turn in his grave. The true Scottish golfer would no more think of calling his drivers and brassies, his cleeks and his mashies, sticks than Tilden would think of calling his racket a bat, or an automobilist his timer a clock.

Again, all places where golf is played are referred to indiscriminatingly by some people as golf-links. Now this is to ignore the history of the game and its nomenclature. A *links* is a stretch of sandy soil along the seashore, whether golf is played upon it or not. The dim and obscure records of this noble Scottish pastime disclose the fact that the game was first played on such seashore links because of the adaptability of the terrain. When golf spread inland, it was played on fields and meadows, and the fair green was then no longer a golf-links, but a golf-course. It is as much of a misnomer to speak of a golf-links in the White or Rocky Mountains as it would be for a boy on an Ohio farm to speak of his sport in "the ole swimmin'-hole" as sea bathing.

Charles Lamb makes that fine old whist player, Sarah Battle, demand a "clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game." Every golfer ought to be exacting about the rigor of his terminology, even when his score card puts him, as mine usually does, in the duffer class. Players in the 70's may perhaps laugh at my critical attitude when I confess that on a championship course I am elated if I can break 100. Perhaps they will agree with Lord Beaconsfield, who was reported to have once said, when rankling under a criticism of his novels, that critics are "those who have failed in literature and art." Nevertheless a man who cannot write a poem or a novel may be able to discriminate between the good and the bad and to insist that the poets and the novelists shall maintain the highest standards.

One of the great charms of golf is that the veriest duffer can enjoy its beauties and appreciate its exactions even when his own game is away below par—or, rather, to take my own medicine and use correct phraseology, away above par. Yet there is such a thing as being too exacting in golf, as I have learned from experience. Some years ago I was playing with a friend at St. Andrew's, in Scotland. It was before the war, and the St. Andrew's caddies in those days were grown men, all of whom were masters or past-masters of the game. We came to a hole—the twelfth, I think—and I asked my caddie about my line of play, for that noble and ancient course has many pitfalls between the tee and the green which are not always discernible to the unfamiliar player. "Yer-r-r line is to the r-r-right or-r-r to the left, sir-r-r," replied my caddie, a white-haired man of about seventy. My opponent's caddie, a much younger man, who I afterwards learned was a crack player of the 70 class, then spoke: "Ther-r-re's a nest of pot bunkers betune you and the hole and ye canna car-r-ry them, sir-r-r." "Don't the good players carry them?" said I. *"Oh, yes,"* was the prompt answer—he had apparently been taking note of some of my poor drives at previous tees—"the guid drivers car-r-ry them, but ye can nae car-r-ry them!"

My opponent had the honor and drove a very good ball to the right. I followed with a ball which I intended to place to the left but which flew straight towards the flag. My opponent's caddie, with an irrepressible note of elation in his voice—for, to use the American vernacular, he was "rooting" for his employer, and therefore hoping for my defeat—exclaimed, "Yer-r-r bunker-r-red, sir-r-r!" We walked along, and my opponent found his ball well placed and played his second. A little farther on we came to the "nest of pot bunkers." My ball was not in them, but was twenty or thirty yards beyond. By one of those happy chances that keep a duffer devoted to the game I had made a drive of well over two hundred yards that would have de-



Courtesy Furness-Bermuda Line

The eighteenth tee on the Mid-Ocean Golf-Links, at Tucker's Town, Bermuda

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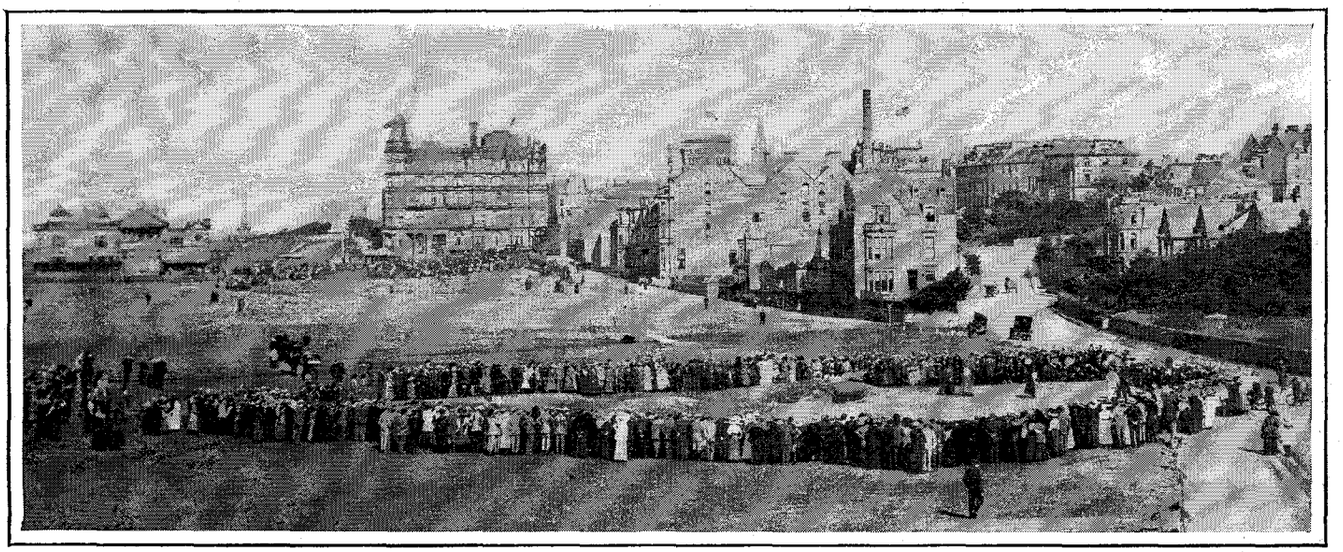

St. Andrew's Golf-Links, in Scotland

lighted any amateur, and even some professionals. When I reached my ball, I turned to my opponent's caddie and, a little nettled by his lack of appreciation of my game, said: "Caddie, you'll admit that to be a good drive, won't you?" It was quite apparent that with characteristic Scotch pertinacity he did not want to admit it. But finally he grudgingly replied: "Weel, sir-r-r, 'twas a verra guid dr-r-rive for-r-r a mon o' yer-r-r age."

On my return home I related this experience to a golfing acquaintance, who told me another story of the rigidity of the adult Scotch caddie. An American playing on one of the best of the Scotch courses came to a long two-shot hole, and when he got to his ball the caddie took his cleek out of the bag and offered it to him, whereupon the following conversation ensued:

Player. "I can't reach the green with my cleek, caddie; please give me my spoon."

Caddie (still offering the cleek). "It's a cleek shot, Sir-r-r."

Player. "I tell you I can't reach the green with my cleek; give me my spoon."

Caddie. (more and more dour). "It's a cleek shot, Sir-r-r."

Player (more and more insistent). "I tell you I can't reach the green with my cleek. I want my spoon!"

Finally, but with some difficulty, the player got his spoon and made a fine shot of nearly two hundred yards direct for the flag. When they reached the green, the ball was found almost on the lip of the cup. An "eagle" had been missed by a mere trifle!

Player (somewhat elated by his own prowess). "You see, caddie, I know my game better than you do."

Caddie (still dour). "Ye'd have done far better wi' yer-r-r cleek, Sir-r-r."

Now I do not insist upon quite so much exactitude as these caddies displayed. Nevertheless I am for the rigor of the game and prefer to get into all the bunkers than to have them adjusted to my modest style of play. The only thing I ask for is that I shall not be compelled to climb up and down hill in playing the game. For that reason I prefer a golf-links to a golf-course, although there are some inland courses of first-rate quality which are free from hills, and some seaside links which are shockingly difficult because of the whins and sand dunes and water hazards which terrify the golfer who has not plenty of long, straight shots in his bag. Such a course is "Westward Ho!" near Bideford, in Devonshire, where one of the British championships is to be played this season. In playing for a medal score one's ball might as well be in the old stone quarry of the Brookline Country Club, near Boston, as in the whins (a stiff, prickly shrub) that line some of the fairways at "Westward Ho!" The only serviceable instrument among the whins is a hoe or a rake. Having sampled the whins of "Westward Ho!" I am not sure that I ever want to see the place again. But I remember with pleasure some of the other British seaside courses—North Berwick, St. Andrew's, Troon, Prestwick, Sandwich, and Turnberry.

Of course, perfection of putting greens and good turf lies on the fairway are the first essentials in estimating the pleasure which a golf-course may give. But there is one other quality not to be neglected in determining the satisfaction which may be derived from this, that, or the other course. I mean scenic beauty. In no other game that I know of does beauty of surroundings play so important a part as in golf. Mountains, sea, or distant vistas charm and soothe the conscious or sub-conscious self of the player as he walks from putting green to tee; and many a man who loves the out-of-doors is compensated for a missed short put by a view of the distant hills or the breaking of the surf or the sound of a singing bird. Walton Heath, near London, presided over by the great James Braid, has neither mountains nor sea; but it was there that I first heard larks singing in the sky, and, while I do not want to remember the shameful game I played, those larks will be a joy even when I can no longer swing a driver. Muirfield, in Scotland, has a delightful club-house and perfect turf, but it fails to impress itself on the memory because of the lack of variety in its lay-out and its want of scenery. It is a championship course, as North Berwick is not, but North Berwick lies along the beautiful Firth of Forth, which atones for the fact that it has one or two bad holes—the first and seventeenth, for example. Carnoustie, Troon, Hoylake, and Deal are fine greens and have fine traditions, but they are somewhat commonplace to the eye of the player who seeks for beauty of scenery as well as perfection of turf in his golf pilgrimages. The marked variety of the holes at Prestwick and Sandwich, and the splendid dunes which tax the best skill of the golfer, make up for their lack of scenic beauty.

This beauty is found, I think, in its perfection in two other British seaside courses—Turnberry in Ayrshire and the new Mid-Ocean Club in Bermuda. These two have a place in my memory which is approached only by three or four American courses. The average professional as well as many crack amateurs would sniff, I suppose, at Turnberry. It is certainly not of championship caliber, but the view of the Firth

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of Clyde, with the purple island of Aran in the distance, will never be forgotten by the visitor to Turnberry. The Mid-Ocean Club at Bermuda is, or soon will be, a course that supplies the most exacting championship requirements. In addition it furnishes in an incomparable way the tang and color of the sea. It combines in a singular fashion the fir-clad and rock-bound coast of Maine with the golden yellows, the translucent greens, and the wine-colored purples of the tropics. It has the advantage of being an all-the-year-round course.

Of the inland courses of Great Britain I remember with pleasure the rhododendrons of Stoke Pogis, the park-like vistas of Sunningdale, and the oaks of Mid-Surrey. On the last course, many years ago, I saw James Braid, the true successor of old Tom Morris, make a memorable shot in a match with Alec Herd. Braid lay about two hundred yards from the hole, directly stymied by the enormous bole of an ancient oak tree, which stood about half-way between him and the green. After some thought he took a firm stance, adjusted his grip, and, deliberately pulling his shot around the oak in a perfect arc, reached the green, thus winning the hole from Herd, whose chances of victory after the drive were almost two to one.

My ignorance of golf-courses on the Continent of Europe deprives me of the pleasure of saying anything about them. One of the earliest, if not the very earliest, golf club in Europe was founded by the Grand Duke Michael of Russia at Cannes, on the Côte d'Azur of the Mediterranean. In the spring of 1894 I spent six weeks at Cannes, but never even drove out to the golf club, for I did not know at that time what the game of golf was. I remember with what difficulty a young lady at the hotel tried to tell me something about the game, but, as I had no conception of what a gutty ball or a brassie looked like, her explanations were a complete failure. Later on, when I had become infected with the golf bacillus, I saw the course at the head of Lake Geneva on the delta soil of the river Rhône, near Aigle. But I did not play on it, although I greatly enjoyed the view of the snow-capped Alps in the distance.

In our own country I am fairly familiar with a number of courses on the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Florida. Here, as in Great Britain, the same distinction applies between golf-links and golf-courses. The only true American golf-links that I know of is that of the Lido Club, near Far Rockaway, on Long Island. On it may be found veritable Scotch dunes and a beach grass that covers them like the whins of "Westward Ho!" There is not a single hole of the Lido eighteen that is without the sign and seal of the sea upon it. Each one of them taxes the skill of the most daring golfer, but the duffer may enjoy the view of distant marshes or the sound of the surf breaking near by. Shinnecock, at the eastern end of Long Island, is a duny course; the members of the Maidstone Club, at Easthampton, play along the sea and have the pleasurable excitement of driving over a marsh or two; and the National Golf Club, which adjoins Shinnecock, is a salt-water course, although one or two of its holes have inland characteristics. Its views of the blue waters and golden beaches of Peconic Bay remind one of the colors of Bermuda. It has, moreover, the advantage of furnishing the hungry golfer with the best and most enticing food which I have ever come across in my golfing peregrinations, although the Blind Brook Club, in Connecticut, a course of park-like extent and beauty, runs it neck and neck in this respect.

In the far South golf may be played, according to my experience, at New Orleans, Palm Beach, St. Augustine, Orlando, and Winter Park on turf and in surroundings that suggest the sea, although they are not exactly of it. Ormond, Florida, has a beautiful sea-side course. Augusta, Georgia, Camden, South Carolina, and notably Pinehurst, North Carolina, furnish golf that is midway between the sea and the inland varieties. This is also true of Garden City, Long Island, which has as many excellent golf-courses as Pinehurst, and that is saying a great deal. Indeed, Long Island, whose numerous clubs I have made the merest allusion to, probably contains more excellent golf-courses than any similar area of territory in the United States.

Of the inland or mountain courses, two will stand out in the memory of any golfer who has visited them—the Equanok course, at Manchester, Vermont, and the Bald Peak Club, in the Lake Winnepesaukee district of New Hampshire. The first-named has the advantage of age. Maturity is as essential for the development of putting greens and fairways as it is for the growth of wisdom in a man. The mountain peaks are noble as seen from some of the Equanok tees; but there are no more beautiful woods and sunsets than those which grace the course at Bald Peak.

The only Mid-Western course which I have seen is the charming one at St. Paul, Minnesota. As to the Pacific coast, my last visit to that wonderful

Photo by Edwin Levick

National Golf-Links, at Southampton, Long Island

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region was made years ago, when scarcely a dozen men knew in the United States what a golf ball looked like. Photographs, however, which I have seen of club-houses and fairway vistas are an assurance that California is almost as much interested in golf as it is in tennis. I should like to play a game once with the snow-caps of Shasta or Mount Rainier in the foreground, or with the seventeen-mile drive and the famous yew trees of Monterey near at hand, or at Santa Barbara, with the Pacific and the Sant' Inez Mountains to refresh me when I got tired of watching the ball!

The rapidity with which golf has grown as a pastime in the United States is indicated by statistics that are almost incredible. They almost make one wonder what is going to happen to farming and commerce in this country when all the available fields and meadows are covered with putting greens and all the highways are choked with automobiles.

Rowing Distances

By JAMES A. TEN EYCK

The veteran coach of Syracuse defends the healthfulness of his favorite sport and graphically explains the difference between the strain of pace and the strain of distance

AS the season approaches when rowing gets front-page publicity, two or three outstanding phases of the sport come in for considerable comment. The length of races is one of the foremost of these points, and, while it is not as important a factor as its publicity would indicate, still it lends a certain definite character and variety to rowing history.

When the Intercollegiate Regatta returned to the Hudson in 1921, after two years' interruption because of war conditions, the length of the races was shortened from four to three miles, and the advocates of the three-mile distance heaved a sigh of relief over the elimination of "the last deadly mile."

Now the Board of Stewards has decided to restore the former four-mile distance, and again discussion boils up like a bean in a teakettle.

While the regulation of distances is purely a matter of administration by the stewards, still it is inevitable that the opinions of rowing enthusiasts and of coaches should be sought and quoted. One of the most recent comments on the situation conceals a little comedy for those who are able to appreciate it. "Perhaps coaches, rowing stewards, and the like who so blithely order the four-mile distance might proceed more cautiously were they obliged to row it, or have their sons do so." This is the substance of the comment. At least one of the stewards who voted for the four-mile distance was a varsity oarsman and rowed his regulation number of races over the four-mile course at Poughkeepsie. At least one of the coaches has sons who not only were college oarsmen but rowing coaches also. At the risk of being thought egotistical and autocratic, I still think I have a right to speak on the subject of rowing distances. I honestly believe I have rowed as hard as any man who ever lived. I have participated in races varying from one-quarter of a mile to one hundred and fifty miles. Both my sons and I still row. While it is some years since we competed in races, none of us feels that he has "gone by," so when I talk about rowing distances, the point I want to make is that it isn't the distance, but training and knowledge, which are the most important factors in boat racing.

It is the queer ideas held by persons outside the sport that give rise to scarehead stories about rowing injuries. To be sure, a boat race isn't a Sunday-school picnic, neither is it a murder or suicide.

I have had literally thousands of oarsmen under my charge, and in all the fifty years of my experience there has never been a fatality or a serious injury due to rowing among all these men. I know of but two casualties among oarsmen, and in both cases these men were proved to have been physically unsound, so that the injury could in no way be laid to rowing activity.

Every little while some misinformed or only partially informed person comes along and talks profoundly about the "oarsman's enlarged heart." The fact has been established by statistics compiled at Harvard and Yale (the result of examinations extending over a term of years) that crew men were longer lived than any other group of students—athletic or non-athletic. This statement should silence all hysterical discussion about "oarsmen's hearts." As for the "former athlete" who is all through with any kind of strenuous exercise at forty, well there is something to look to for this result besides his having been a college athlete.

I don't know whether to feel more pity or scorn for the fellow who has once been even partially "in condition" and who drops all healthful exercise. There is a danger for every man—athlete or non-athlete—who allows himself to get entirely out of training. Look at the ruffles of fat that hang over a man's collar, and judge his years accordingly. Measure his girth at the waist-line, and calculate his longevity. I'm not an alarmist. I don't fancy that every man who weighs two hundred pounds is going to die of apoplexy, but I do say it's a crime for a middle-aged man to get fat. Soft fat is all right in a corn-fed hog. I saw one out in Iowa they had to lift with a derrick. He weighed nine hundred pounds, and, while he was a good porker, his use was extremely limited and he wasn't good to look at. Every hog to his use and habit, but a fat man is a crime against nature.

But to get back to rowing distances. I have said it so often that I almost hesitate to repeat, that it is pace, and not the distance, which is the main factor in boat racing, and the contestant, in any event, is trained for his distance. You can't drive a horse around a mile track in two minutes unless you have a two-minute horse, and there's all the difference in the world in training for a sprint race and for a Marathon. So with crews. We train our crews for the distance they are to row, and, as far as injury to the oarsmen is concerned, there is no danger of injury in boat racing of any length, provided those participating in the races are sound and in normal health and have gone through the proper course of preparation.

The story of distances is a long but interesting one. When college rowing first began in this country, some seventy-five years ago, Yale and Harvard rowed two miles. Then they changed the location of their rowing course and shortened the races to a short mile and a half. After shifting their boat races to New

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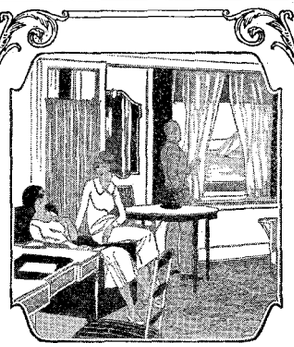

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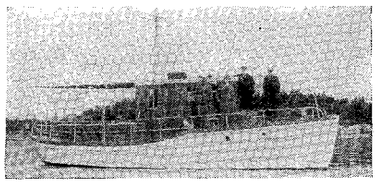

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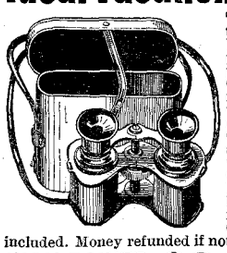

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London, where their annual regatta is still held, they rowed over a four-mile course. Why four miles? Well, because that was the distance rowed by their English cousins at Oxford and Cambridge, four miles and a few hundred yards. Just why Yale and Harvard didn't retain the extra 300 yards of the English distance is another of the nice little vagaries in distances. For instance, the "Henley distance" in England is one mile and 550 yards, and the reason for this peculiar distance is that one mile and 550 yards was the straightest course they could get between Marsh and Hambleton Locks. The American Henley at Philadelphia is the same distance. So, you see, we again "play the sedulous ape" to our friends across the sea; or, as Lowell once put it, "with their salt on his tail your wild eagle is caught."

But whether we follow Johnny Bull's lead in distances or establish our own, the point in boat racing is that of training rather than distance. Practicing for a race is like practicing for any other event. You practice the event you are to perform. If we are to row a mile and five-sixteenths, we rehearse that distance. If we are to row over a four-mile course, we practice on a four-mile course. Any good crew can row any distance they are asked to row, provided, of course, they have had sufficient opportunity to rehearse the distance. Your theatrical company may play "Twelfth Night" today and to-morrow may present "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Now nobody ever supposed the actors had to evolve a new technique to switch from one play to the other. They are supposed to know how to act and have learned their lines, and they go before the footlights and present their show. An oarsman is supposed to know how to row, and if he is a good oarsman he can row the race set before him. That's part of his training to know how to rate himself.

I don't minimize the agony an oarsman goes through. I've rowed till everything became a blur, and even till I couldn't see at all. But so has every good oarsman who has been hard pressed, who gets all out of himself. So does the man who runs a grueling foot race. But you don't hear any hue and cry about the Marathon, and nobody is throwing up hysterical hands and denouncing the "last deadly twenty miles."

A rowing critic suggests that three miles doesn't give sufficient test of watermanship. The final test of watermanship is to get ahead and keep ahead; and does any one fancy the man can't row himself out in a mile and five-sixteenths just as completely as he can in four miles? If there is any doubt in such a

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person's mind, let him try the experiment with a good crew's bow at the stern of his boat all the way over the course.

There are so many distances that may well be considered standard, each distance having its own peculiar function, that it seems rather foolish to designate any special one as "the classic," since so many factors govern the length of races, and injuries are no more apt to follow in the wake of one race than in another.

Oxford and Cambridge have rowed four miles for a hundred years, more or less, and, while I've never heard of any injurious results of the English races, neither have I heard of injuries in a three-mile race. The "National distance"—*i. e.,* that rowed at the regattas of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen—is a mile and a quarter. So is the Olympic distance. Our races on the Seneca River with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology were rowed over a short mile course, simply because that was the longest straight stretch we could get in the river.

But, whatever the distance, the crews and scullers rate themselves accordingly, and, incidentally, one of the hardest things a coach has to do is to teach the rowing aspirant a sense of pace.

It has been said that it takes too much of a college man's time to prepare for a four-mile race. Without going into the details of this argument, but without any reservations, I say it should take no more time to train for one distance than for another.

Every one who follows rowing will recall the discussion of the change in rowing distances when Yale entered the Olympic tryouts last year. "It will ruin their chances for the four-mile race at New London. A crew can't be prepared for a mile and a quarter and in the next few days row four miles, or *vice versa.*" Well, the proof of a race is in the rowing, and the Yale crew won at both distances.

A good friend and critic of rowing wrote me the other day that, "regardless of what the coaches might say, 'the last deadly mile' brought too much of a strain on the oarsmen and they felt it later in life, if not at the time."

I almost never go to a doctor, but a year ago I had a physical examination, and the examiner pronounced my heart and arteries normal for a man of thirty. Every little while I meet some middle-aged fellow who looks like a stranger to me till he says: "Why, don't you know me, Coach? I rowed No. 4 on your —— Crew."

"Well, how goes it, boy?" I inquire, after renewing acquaintance.

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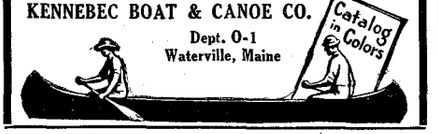

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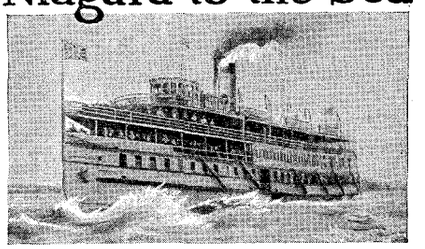

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picture in the back of his watch. "I've got three boys of my own now. One is sixteen years old and almost six feet tall. He'll be ready for you to make an oarsman of in a couple of years."

I couldn't tell how often I've had this same experience—men who once have rowed telling me they want their sons to row. Now, if rowing had been injurious to them, they certainly wouldn't advocate it for their sons.

I have in mind one particular oarsman who suffered more in practice than any aspirant I ever coached. Last fall I met his son—a young giant just entering college and preparing to equal his father's athletic record, and looking as if he might outdo his dad.

It's a great life—none know it except they who live it. Only yesterday a letter came from a former No. 7 man of a recent crew. After sending greetings to his former mates, he concluded: "My palm is itching to grasp an oar. I hate to think that probably I never shall again, for, while it's a tough grind, there's nothing like it for pleasure and sport."

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

The Legend of Washington Irving

A Review by ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

A NEW book[1] about a figure of the past of whom much has already been written always carries with it something of a challenge. How far does it go in its argument and presented evidence in disturbing the established impression? Does its tone conform to the legend that has grown up, or does it aim in any way to shatter the foundations of that legend?

In the legend it is the personality that counts, rather than the work achieved. For example, fling casually into conversation the name of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Mental reaction to the name has little to do with the quality of the famous Dictionary or of "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia." To mind at once come the memory of the corpulent body, the marked face, the dogmatic utterance, the swallowing of cup after cup of tea, the generosity to Goldsmith and the bullying of Goldsmith, the conviviality in the taverns of Fleet Street. A new book written to prove that Johnson's literary work was nonsense would cause hardly a ripple; one conveying the impression that he was neat in his personal habits would be rank revolution.

The legend of Washington Irving is more firmly established than the legend of any other American man of letters. It has preserved in the minds and hearts of his countrymen a personality as mellow as his writings. It is a legend builded, as such legends usually are, largely upon trivialities; odds and ends of anecdote. To begin with, there is the very pretty story of the boy being patted on the head by the Father of His Country, after whom he had been named. Perhaps that is as apochryphal as the apple of William Tell. But if the incident never happened, it ought to have happened, and the tale is the first paragraph of the Irving legend.

From that point the legend sweeps on through the years. It pictures the young man reading enough law to be admitted to the bar, sharing in the festivities of the wild kindred spirits of Cockloft Hall, and then turning light-heartedly to the composition of his "Knickerbocker" history. It does not scrutinize too closely Irving's legal qualifications. Mr. Hellman has summed up that point in a paragraph. The examiners were Martin Wilkins and Josiah Ogden Hoffman, the father of Matilda. The latter, possibly with a prospective son-in-law in mind, suggested: "Martin, I think he knows a little law." Wilkins replied: "Make it stronger, Joe, *damned* little." Nor does the legend pause to consider the shaking of heads, the virtuous disapproval of the serious-minded of New York, at the revels of Cockloft Hall.

Then the legend takes on its sentimental and most enduring aspect. It was when he was at work on the last part of the "Knickerbocker" history that the great sorrow of Irving's life befell him. He loved Matilda Hoffman. They were to have been married. She died. He remained always a bachelor. When he died, an old man, a lock to which he himself had always kept the key was found to guard a braid of hair and a beautiful miniature, with a slip of paper marked in his own handwriting, "Matilda Hoffman;" and close by him to the end was her Bible and Prayer-Book. That is an aspect of the legend that Mr. Hellman assails. He writes: "The legend that Washington Irving remained a lifelong bachelor because of Matilda Hoffman's death half a century before his own is due solely to the sentimental desire of his nephew and first biographer, Pierre M. Irving. In his attempt to perpetuate this gentle myth Pierre M. Irving had recourse to comments, to suppressions, and to elisions whose nature is now apparent through a careful study of Irving's Dresden diaries."

Later the legend becomes National in its scope. Its hero is Washington Irving, Ambassador at Large from the New World to the Old. The pride of Irving's generation in that aspect of his career was due only partially to appreciation of his literary achievement. The sensitive vanity of a young nation was playing its part. Irving was over the water showing Europeans, especially Englishmen, that an American was not a barbarian, that an American could write the language of Addison with a grace and charm equal to that of Addison.

It is impossible to overemphasize the soundness of that point of the legend. It is hard for the modern mind to grasp the extent of European ignorance of the Republic a hundred years ago, and to realize the importance of the part that Irving played as an unofficial ambassador. There is a story of a British matron and her daughter in an Italian gallery pausing before a bust of Washington. "Mother, who was Washington?" asked the girl. "Why, my dear, don't you know?" answered the horrified parent. "He wrote the 'Sketch Book.'" It was among the English, above all, that Irving played his ambassadorial part. There was never in his writings the slightest suggestion of sycophancy, but he possessed to a rare degree the faculty of pleasing them even when depicting certain of their amiable weaknesses. For example, has the Englishman in Paris ever been summed up more sweepingly and concisely than in Irving's anecdote of the irascible Briton, furiously annoyed by the abominable racket being made by his man-servant, and calling out to know what the matter is. "It's this confounded French lock, sir," replies the diplomatic servant, and the master is instantly appeased.

Drawing from the Irving diaries, Mr.

[1] Washington Irving, Esquire. Ambassador at Large from the New World to the Old. By George S. Hellman. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $4.

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Hellman, in the chapter "First Taste of Europe," flings before the reader a graphic picture of Continental ignorance of the United States. At a dinner in Paris Irving was asked by a Frenchman whether his province (for he took the United States to be a mere province) was not a great wine country, and whether it was not in the neighborhood of Turkey. At another time he was accosted by a French officer. "You are English, monsieur?" "Pardon me, I am from the United States of America." "Very well, it is the same thing." Another Frenchman expressed the opinion that when America grew stronger the Americans intended to drive all the Europeans out of their country. Another Continental asked Irving whether the United States were near Asia. On being told they were not, he suggested that then they must be near Africa, and, being again corrected, decided that then they must be in the neighborhood of Europe. All over the Continent, and even in England, Irving found vast numbers of persons believing that whoever went to America "runs the narrowest risk of his life there from the yellow fever and the savages."

The legend of the later years has pictured the wanderer home at last after his long service as the unofficial ambassador of his country abroad and the tenure of the actual post as Minister to Spain, living serenely at Sunnyside, surrounded by nieces, who at times seem to have been just a little too zealous in their attentions, coming occasionally from his country home to New York to be lionized by society—a glorious sunset through which Mr. Hellman has hurried as if grown weary of his task. The Diary of the pompous Philip Hone, something of a social arbiter in his day, has contributed to the legend of Irving's social popularity, with its smug references to the many occasions when the Irving legs were stretched beneath the Hone mahogany.

On that score there is nothing startlingly iconoclastic in Mr. Hellman's book. It was a mere casual reference in a book of a year or two ago, the late Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer's "The Social Ladder," that jarred the legendary idea of the relations of Irving with the New York society of his time, and also questioned the mellowness of the man himself. She wrote: "Washington Irving's 'Knickerbocker History,' inspired by Society's pride and hauteur, lacerated the sensibilities of the ancestor-worshiping New Yorkers. Eventually, however, Irving's fame became so great that Society was obliged to accept the man who affronted it, although its association with

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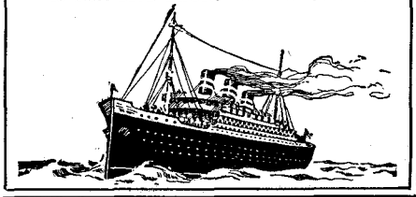

Irving did little to make it think more kindly of the professional writer. He was a moody man, subject to fits of sullen depression, caused, the romantic said, by the death of his betrothed, Matilda Hoffman."

The New Books

HISTORY

EXPANSIONISTS OF 1812. By Julius W. Pratt. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Dr. Pratt has delved deep in the unpublished, as well as the obscurely published, material relating to the first two decades of our National history, and is able to throw new light on the causes of the War of 1812. England's impressment of American sailors did not play so important a part in bringing on that conflict as is generally supposed. The war, opposed by New England, was supported by the South and West. The northwestern frontier was anti-British by reason of the general belief that British agents were constantly inciting the Indians against the Americans, while the southern and southwestern frontier was anti-British because of the belief that Britain was in league with Spain. The doctrine of "manifest destiny" also played its part. The conviction that fate or destiny or the Almighty had willed the whole continent to the young Republic is shown conclusively to have had a much earlier origin than the historians have admitted. Though nobody seems to know who first used the expression and when, the concept may very well date back to the time of Montgomery's and Arnold's ill-fated attempt on Quebec. At any rate, it had begun to find general lodgment in men's minds in the days preceding the second war with Great Britain. Though many causes contributed to the declaration of war, the influence of the frontier was paramount. The book is a notably important addition to American history.

FICTION

THE BEST STORIES OF SARAH ORNE JEWETT. Selected and Arranged with a Preface by Willa Cather. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 2 vols. $4.

When Sarah Orne Jewett was living and writing, she was one of a notable group, portrayers and interpreters of their native New England, with whom it was natural and usual to compare her work. It is not so to-day. That her stories are less familiar to a new generation is doubtless true; yet in a subtle and indefinable way the mere passage of time has served her reputation. It is with no little local group that her exquisite art is now compared, but rather, as it deserves to be, with that of the accredited masters of the short story the

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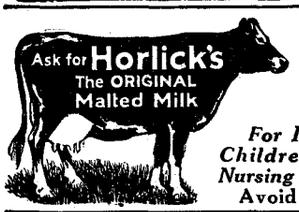

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Notes on New Books

THE OLD TESTAMENT. A new translation by James Moffatt. Vol. II. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

The final volume of this new translation includes the books from Job to Malachi. A very interesting book, but it's not the Bible. Not all of Dr. Moffatt's learning can justify disguising Job as "Eyob."

PAULUS FY: THE HISTORY OF AN ESTHETE. By Helene Mullins and Marie Gallegher. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

A flutterby-butterfly book, whose authors must have been devoting their days and nights to the study of Oscar Wilde, Carl Van Vechten, and Mr. Cabell. Instead of being a novel of a type new to literature, as the blurb says, it is a typical echo of the Yellow Book period.

EMPLOYES' REPRESENTATION IN STEEL WORKS. By Ben. M. Selekman. The Russell Sage Foundation, New York. $1.50.

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EMPLOYES' REPRESENTATION IN COAL MINES. By Ben M. Selekman and Mary Van Kleeck. The Russell Sage Foundation, New York. $2.

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MY FLIGHT FROM SIBERIA. By Leon Trotzky. The American Library Service, New York.

A pamphlet purporting to give personal experiences.

THE CHASE. By Mollie Panter-Downes. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

A novel by the author of the "Shoreless Sea." The author is about seventeen years old, and her books are generally considered to be remarkable for one of that age.

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THE ILIAD, Translated by A. T. Murray; **LUCRETIUS,** Translated by W. H. D. Rouse; **THE GEOGRAPHY OF STRABO,** Translated by H. L. Jones. Vols. 170, 181, and 182 of the Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50 per vol.

Volume I of the Iliad and Volume III of Strabo's Geography. The latter will be in eight volumes. These comprise three more volumes in the Loeb Classical Library.

THE HUMAN TOUCH. By Lyman P. Powell. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

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A novel by the author of "The Little French Girl." This one was first published in 1910, and Hugh Walpole commends it as better than her recent great success.

THE LOST SPEECH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Honoré Willsie Morrow. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.

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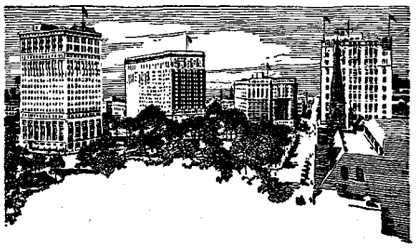
vice from respectable quarters; he may have come to distrust the disinterestedness of every one except himself. He may, in short, feel that there is nothing solid to which he can tie. Yet he has surplus funds which could earn more than mere interest in a bank, and he desires to place them where they will do so.

At this point the investment counsel puts in an appearance. Relatively speaking, the investment counsel is a new phenomenon, and bids fair to become an increasingly useful one. I can perhaps best describe what an investment counsel is by quoting a few paragraphs from a pamphlet recently issued by a member of this new profession:

> What the investor really needs is expert knowledge and experience applied to his individual problem, not once but continuously. It has been proved over a long period of time in countless cases that sound investment counsel can be rendered only by an individual, or a group of individuals, whose intelligence, sincerity, and experience are markedly above the average and who have only one purpose in life—to serve to the best of their ability the people from whom they earn their living. There should be no outside affiliations, no conflicting interests.
>
> —— renders such investment counsel. This company places at the disposal of the individual investor a professional service, the sole purpose of which is to assist him in laying out an investment plan, selecting and supervising securities. For this service an annual fee is charged, so applied that it has no relation to the manner of distribution of capital or to changes in holdings, and cannot possibly influence our judgment to the detriment of the investor.
>
> We ask every client to give us complete information regarding his holdings and his needs and desires. We then work with him in laying out a plan, based upon a thorough analysis of his circumstances. The initial analysis report is very similar to an engineering examination and report. It is not a hasty analysis of a list of holdings, but a detailed study of the client's situation in all its aspects. The strictest confidence is observed.

The investment counsel proceeds upon the principle that the giving of information and advice about investments is a service which should be recognized as such and paid for as such. Conversely, the investment counsel says, when you get your investment advice nominally free gratis from an investment banker or a broker you are dealing with a merchant in securities who is necessarily trying to sell what he has already purchased, and whose advice is therefore colored by his own self-interest in get-



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During the past year the Financial Editor of The Outlook has helped hundreds of Outlook readers to solve intelligently their particular investment problems. Perhaps you are contemplating a shifting of your present holdings or have fresh funds to invest. In either case we shall be glad to give you specific information on any securities in which you may be interested. A nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service.

The Outlook Financial Department
THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

Florida Offers Investors $300 more income on each $1,000

That is the difference between 6% and 8% on $1,000 invested in a 15-year bond.

The amount of money safely invested each year in first mortgage real estate bonds amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars. The total invested by insurance companies, banks, trustees and private individuals extends well into the billions. Some get 5½%, some get 6%, some get 7% *and some send their money to Florida and get 8%.*

The difference between 5½% and 8% is more a matter of geography than of varying degrees of fundamental safety.

Write for Trust Company of Florida booklet explaining Florida's five reasons for 8% and safety.

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ting his money back plus a profit. In other words, says the investment counsel, honest and honorable as the investment banker may be, he is in the peculiar position of trying to make money for himself, for the corporation which he is financing, and for the individual investor.

The argument is attractive. Against it, in all fairness, must be put the fact that the investment banker can succeed and prosper only if he does accomplish the feat which the investment counsel considers to be so difficult. After all, the investment banker who is a credit to his profession will content himself with smaller profits on each transaction rather than merely unload on his customers a lot of high-priced stocks and bonds in which he does not care to keep his own funds.

It is not, however, the object of this article to enter into an analysis of the investment banking and brokerage business. The investment counsel, the firm of investment counselors, has evidently come to stay and to serve as a factor of usefulness and importance which should be carefully considered.

Of course, the first question relates to the character of the particular investment counsel under consideration. There are people advertising themselves under this title whose real reputations and records are not fit to print. And as long as human nature remains imperfect such there will always be. How to detect the spurious is in each instance a problem. The cautious prospective investor will have little difficulty in checking up inquiries, and eventually in getting the truth.

For the genuine, experienced, intelligent, and honorable investment counsel we have nothing but praise and best wishes for success. His profession has been created to meet a very real need, and it will undoubtedly take rank with the other new professions which have sprouted up in the last few years—the employment and industrial relations specialist, the consulting economist, the tax expert, and a score of others.

"What the investor really needs is expert knowledge and experience applied to his individual problem, not once but continuously." This is, or should be, the guiding principle of the investment counsel, just as it should be the guiding principle of the investor. A stock once bought, a bond once purchased, does not end the investor's duty to himself. The security must be watched, not nervously, by means of the ticker tape, but at reasonably frequent intervals. Security holdings as a whole must be reviewed,

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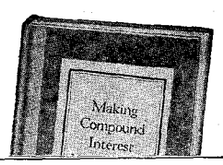

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and can adequately be reviewed only with the aid of complete knowledge.

Where the individual investor, unaided, is likely to fall down is just here: he has neither the time to devote to a study of financial conditions nor the data necessary for such study. The investment banker has—or can have—both, and many an investment banker specializes in a service which does not greatly differ from that which the investment counsel renders. The investment counsel, on the other hand, is devoting his entire energies to just exactly this sort of thing. If he is true to the ideals of his profession, his sole income is derived from fees paid for this service. His is a powerful incentive to deliver one hundred per cent of the service contracted for.

In a series of articles published in this department last summer we spoke of the various services offered to-day by banks and trust companies, and made particular reference to the agent and trustee functions. Under one name or another, many of the larger banks are offering essentially investment counsel service, plus the physical safe-keeping of securities and the keeping of books of account for their customers. Where a bank is trustee, it handles investments on its own responsibility, and the owner has nothing to do with it except, if he wishes, to suggest. For what are called agency accounts banks analyze securities and make recommendations for reinvestment, decision, however, resting with the owner.

Similarly, the investment counsel will either take complete charge virtually, though not legally, as a trustee, or he will simply study, investigate, and advise. In the case of the investment counsel, you are buying personal service; in the case of the bank, you are buying institutional service, more or less personal, as circumstances dictate. It would be foolish to say that one type of service is better than the other; all are good, all are steps in the right direction; one may be more valuable for A, while another may be more valuable for B. And C may have had sufficient experience coupled with sound judgment to act admirably as his own investment counsel.

At the risk of undue repetition, I would like to emphasize the need for constant revision of investments, which is the main idea back of the investment counsel idea. An investment is a certain number of dollars which have been placed at work. The yield depends on how successfully they have been set to their task, and on how that task prospers. Hence the need of diversification, of marketability, and of stability of the business in question. Hence also the need of alertness in detecting signs of serious economic or trade changes which may threaten embarrassment or disaster. Unfortunately, the worst of such changes are almost unforeseeable—as, for example, the bankruptcy of the trolley lines, the setback to the phonograph industry caused by radio, the damage to the New England textile industry due to depression and a shifting of certain classes of manufacture to the South. It is a world of rapid change. Realize, for example, that a very high percentage of the entire plate glass made is used in automobiles, and imagine a definite slowing down in motor-car production; what would happen to plate glass?

Cases could be multiplied almost *ad infinitum*. They would all tend to demonstrate that eternal watchfulness is a large portion of the price paid for profitable investment. Our counsel as to the employment of investment counsel is: Yes, if investigation proves his reliability, and then yes, chiefly because his employment insures that constant watchfulness which must be maintained.

From Inquiring Readers

"WHAT is an income bond?" inquires a reader.

An income bond is a bond whose interest is paid only if earned. If interest is not paid, holders have recourse to the courts if the default is not warranted by earnings and other terms of the indenture. An income bond resembles a preferred stock except that the principal is payable at a fixed date in the future. Income bonds are often secured by a junior mortgage, which is a lien on assets after prior liens have been satisfied. Interest on income bonds comes ahead of dividends on preferred stocks.

A READER in Iowa, requesting information about certain securities, frankly warned us not to give him "any statistical information, as, unfortunately, I do not understand it." What he desired was a summary of statistical information, which we briefly reported thus:

"Portland Railway, Light and Power 7½s, Series A, due 1946, are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Present market, about 105½. Moody's rating, Baa.

"Ohio Public Service Company, Series A, 7½s, due 1946. Listed on New York Stock Exchange. Price about 110½. Moody's rating, A.

"Same company, Series B, 7s, due 1947. Price about 108¼. Listed. A.

"Same company, Series C, 6s, due 1953. Not listed. A."

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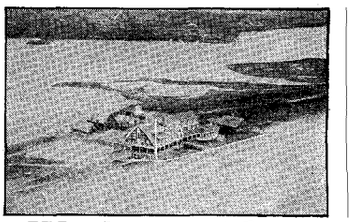
Rhode Island



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F. C. BUFFUM, Weekapaug, R. I.

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2,200 feet above the sea. Summer life is ideal in this modern hotel or a near-by furnished cottage. 18-hole golf course, bathing and boating, mountain lake. Wonderful scenery. Dancing. Booklet on request.
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A few boarders will be taken at a pleasant home in a small village. Good board. Reasonable rates. **Miss F. H. CHAFFEE, EAST LEE, MASS.**

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Furnished New Cottage. Exceptionally fine in all its appointments; hot and cold water, electric lights, open fireplace, broad piazzas, fine view of ocean and the hills, excellent neighbors. **Wm. H. Hawley, 40 Newhall St., Malden, Mass.**

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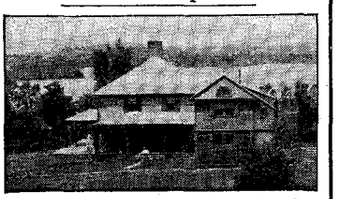

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Elevation 1,550 feet, commanding charming view of Dublin Lake and Monadnock Mt., and being accessible to village and lake club. Please address owner,
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WHITE MOUNTAINS, Sugar Hill, N. H.
Picturesque Satchell Cottage, furnished, to rent for season or for sale. Beautiful scenery. **Wm. E. Satchell, Owner, 211 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

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New York

FOR RENT

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Cottage—large living-room, 4 bedrooms, bath, $300. **Mrs. GEORGE D. JONES, 1175 E. Broad St., Columbus, O.**

AT CORNWALL, N. Y.

Very desirable location near churches, post office, drug store, etc. Four rooms, furnished, on first floor; all improvements, porches, large well-kept grounds. One-car garage. Mrs. J. B. Farwell, R.F.D., Stony Point, N.Y.

For Rent, in Catskill Mts., 7-room furnished cottage with modern plumbing, sleeping-porch, open fireplace, tennis court, garage. Restricted community. Inq. 3,977, Outlook.

FOR RENT, a 3-room bungalow
with 2 sleeping-porches, among trees and near beach at Great Kills, Staten Island. Apply ALMA D. GUY, 237 E. 104th St., New York.

HERKIMER CO., N. Y.
Splendid 7-room house for sale. Built 1923. Modern, has garage attached, sun parlor, fireplace, large lot. Located in prosperous village of 4,000. Good elevation. Address 3,987, Outlook.

Lake George

Cleverdale-on-Lake George

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A few high-class cottage sites for sale

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Geo. A. Ferris, Hudson Falls, N.Y.

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FOR RENT, Cottage, "Camp Overocean," South Bluffs, Block Island, R. I. Completely furnished. 4 outside bedrooms, supply of cots. $250 for season. Mrs. J. W. STEWART, 207 W. 13th St., New York City.

Vermont

Lake Champlain, near Burlington, Vt. For Rent, 7-room cottage, modern improvements, large porches, sleeping-porch screened, wonderful view of lake and mountains, on bluff directly over water. Rent, season $400, July and August $350. References exchanged. 3,905, Outlook.

Apartments

Furnished Six-Room Housekeeping Apartment on Stuyvesant Square (East 15th St.), for the summer months. 4,017, Outlook.

FOR RENT For summer months, furnished housekeeping apartment, facing park; moderate rent. Address Apt. 4, 2203 15th St., Washington, D.C.

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Opportunity to become TRAINED NURSE. $15 monthly allowance. Ideal living conditions. Tennis, surf bathing. 3 hours from New York. 8-hour day. 2½ year course. Age 18 to 32; 2 years high school. Send for descriptive folder and application. Southampton Hospital Association, Southampton, Long Island, N. Y.

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WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

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HELP WANTED

COUNCILOR to enroll boys, Maine camp. Strictly commission. 5,999, Outlook.

DIETITIAN—Practical. To prepare and cook meals for family of two, one a convalescent. Delightful country home. Address Mrs. D. B. Hayward, Easton, Md.

EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet CM-27. Standard Business Training Institution, Buffalo, N. Y.

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WANTED, for work among young people in Presbyterian church in South, young man, college graduate or seminary student, with experience in camp life, D.V.B.S., and young people's work. References and testimonials desired. 6,027, Outlook.

WANTED—Nursery governess for boy of three, supervision of boy of seven. Jersey suburb in summer, New York in winter. Must have experience, good health, and pleasant disposition. 6,034, Outlook.

WOMAN—Publishing house has permanent sales position with executive future to offer woman of keen intelligence capable of earning $100 a week. Previous business experience not necessary, but experience in educational work helpful. Refinement and determination essential for success. Traveling required—all transportation paid—liberal drawing account and commission basis. Write, stating age and qualifications, to B. E. Sparrow, 50 W. 47th St., New York City.

SITUATIONS WANTED

AMBITIOUS young man—American (Ph. B. Dickinson, M.A. Princeton), versatile and refined, desires summer occupation. Address 6-B, Graduate College, Princeton, N. J.

ANY one desiring to do real good for summer months communicate with refined, educated Southern woman, two attractive little girls. Good reader, absolutely trustworthy, capable of caring for sick. Address 6,045, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl with hospital experience desires position as tutor and nurse, with family traveling abroad. 6,041, Outlook.

COMPANION—Lady or children, or managing housekeeper. Refined, efficient. Excellent reference. 6,[illegible], Outlook.

ENGLISHMAN and son, interested in gardens and care of estate, seek year-round position. F. F., care Appleford, Bourne, Mass.

EXPERIENCED high school teacher, young woman, wants Latin, history, or French position for September. Any locality. Box 128, Sandy Hook, Conn.

EXPERIENCED history teacher with M.A. degree desires position in private secondary school or college. 6,062, Outlook.

FRENCH lady, musical, traveled, desires to meet lady of means living alone who seeks congenial companionship. Address 6,058, Outlook.

FRENCH teacher having credentials from America's best schools wishes tutoring, especially for college preparatory. Good home appreciated above remuneration. 6,009, Outlook.

GRADUATE of Lewis Hotel Training Schools wishes position as assistant housekeeper or inspectress, school or hotel. References. 6,054, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

LADY, intelligent, well educated, and of good family, wishes position as companion to lady or as chaperon to young girl during summer. References exchanged. Reply 6,044, Outlook.

NURSE desires nervous, mental, or epileptic case. Entire care of child preferred. 6,060, Outlook.

NURSE, middle-aged, desires position with invalid or convalescent in the country. References. 6,059, Outlook.

NURSERY governess. Best recommendations. Miss Catharine Mulligan, N. E. corner 20th and York Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

OXFORD GRADUATE, Englishman, 23, doing graduate work at Princeton before returning to teach at Oxford, desires position as companion or tutor for summer. Would prefer to travel in West. Likes tennis, golf, hiking, etc. 6,028, Outlook.

POSITION until October for English gentlewoman as teacher, governess, housemistress, camp counselor, or chaperon. Experienced, cultivated, traveled, responsible, and trustworthy. Four languages, musician, handicrafts and sports. Competent to assume entire charge of children or household. Willing to travel or camp. Unexceptionable references. 6,052, Outlook.

POSITION wanted as helpful companion to lady alone. Preferably near Philadelphia. 6,049, Outlook.

QUALIFIED workers for church and religious organizations available for autumn positions. EXECUTIVE SERVICE CORPORATION (agency), 1515 Pershing Square Building, New York City.

REFINED, educated woman desires engagement as housekeeper, housemother in school or camp, or care of gentleman's home and children. References. 6,067, Outlook.

REFINED lady desires position as companion to lady traveling through the West this summer. No salary asked if all expenses are paid. 6,031, Outlook.

REFINED nurse desires traveling position June 15. Box 6,061, Outlook.

REFINED young woman desires position for summer as traveling companion or tutor. Excellent references. 6,042, Outlook.

RELIABLE, intelligent girl, good typist, wants summer position; or would be child's tutor or companion. References exchanged. M., Oxford, Chester Co., Pa.

RESIDENT teacher desires position with handicapped child. Seven years' experience with Calvert method. 6,050, Outlook.

TEACHING governess for backward child. Experienced. 6,053, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY instructor, Ph.D., 31, Swiss, wishes employment June to September. 6,021, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY SENIOR, Presbyterian minister's daughter, desires position as tutor in cultured family. Athletic. Experience. Available June 1. References exchanged. 6,047, Outlook.

WANTED—A position as tutor in French in good family for the summer. Applicant is a French student who will take her degree in June. References. 6,030, Outlook.

WHAT EMPLOYMENT have you to offer for July–August? School administrator, energetic, age thirty, single. No selling. 6,056, Outlook.

YOUNG AMERICAN MAN of good family wishes position for summer as traveling companion, secretary; work of any kind on yacht, country place. Speaks French, has initiative, is executive and efficient. Exceptional references. 5,921, Outlook.

YOUNG man teacher, Stanford University graduate, desires traveling position as tutor or companion. Speaks French, Spanish, and German. E. J. Kelley, 79 Hollywood Ave., East Orange, N. J.

YOUNG woman, college graduate, experienced teacher MATHEMATICS, LATIN, desires travel EUROPE this summer as governess-companion. 6,043, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, college graduate, several years' teaching experience, wishes foreign travel as companion and tutor of French for summer or next year. 6,006, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

CHILD psychologist, loving and understanding children, opens her private country home in Massachusetts to one or two children; all advantages; terms to meet requirements. 6,039, Outlook.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

YOUNG lady offers exceptional opportunity for care of infant in her private home. Best references. 6,055, Outlook.

THE housemother of one of the foremost schools for boys would take a few boys under ten years of age to care for during the summer on her farm of fifty acres. Tutoring, if desired, by a college student. Apply Box 21, Cornwall, Conn.

NICOTINELESS tobacco imported from France. Made by French Government and *guaranteed absolutely harmless.* Regular tobacco flavor. Suitable for pipe or cigarette. 1½ ozs. 50c. postpaid. W. J. Lewis, Troy, N.Y.

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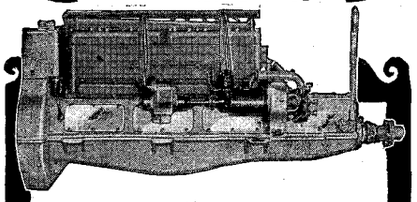

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ROYAL BLUE LINE, *Boston, Mass.*

Singers of the Sea

By Bill Adams

Did you ever hear this sailor chantey?

When whaling Johnnie went to sea
Whaling Johnnie, hi-hoh!
A randy dandy lad was he,
All bound away to Hilo.

But whaling John, when he came back,
Whaling Johnnie, hi-hoh!
He'd shell-fish growing down his back,
All bound away to Hilo.

His gal had wed a tailor bold,
Whaling Johnnie, hi-hoh!
Young whaling Johnnie's heart was cold,
All bound away to Hilo.

Of rum he drank a steaming dram,
Whaling Johnnie, hi-hoh!
Said he, "I'll go and fish, by damn!"
All bound away to Hilo.

And still he wanders there and back,
Whaling Johnnie, hi-hoh!
With shell-fish growing down his back,
All bound away to Hilo.

It was at midnight in 60° south that I heard it, sung not on my own ship, but on an unseen ship that passed close by.

We were almost becalmed, after a buster, and bound to the westward. The other ship, eastbound, was setting her topgallantsails. We could hear the rattle of her sheaves and the squeal of her brace blocks. As she passed away, and we saw for a moment the glim of her binnacle light, the last stanza came over the rollers—

And still he wanders there and back,
Whaling Johnnie, hi-hoh!
With shell-fish growing down his back,
All bound away to Hilo.

One of the best sea singers that ever I heard was a red-bearded sailmaker. We were creeping one evening past the Diego Ramirez. The sea was smooth. The horizons were clear. The clouds were high. There was no sky. Sea-soaked clothing hung on lines stretched from stay to stay. Dungarees, much patched shirts, and oilskins drooped in the rigging. The canvas was barely full to a breeze from the eastward. Storm sails were yellow. Rails were rusty.

The sailmaker came from the forecastle and stood by the rail, staring at the bleak Diegos. His voice broke the silence:

Good-by and farewell to you, fair Spanish ladies;
Good-by and farewell to you, ladies of Spain;
For we've received orders to sail for old England,
But we hope very soon we shall see you again.

We'd been down there for three or four weeks, trying to get round the cor- . It was midwinter.

I remember a midsummer evening in ose latitudes. She was eastbound. Squalls, wild from the westerly, struck her in quick succession. Daylight lasted til ar into the night. During the morning we had shoveled snow from her decks in a calm. During the afternoon we had shortened her down from full sail to six topsails and a main topgallantsail. She was booming, her decks dry but for an occasional sea. Crests of emerald rollers seethed along her sides. Very small amid the foamy valleys, she ed as the squalls smote her. It was as day, and we had celebrated ed beans and rice with raisins in

pper was done, all hands came to watch her go.

e had a fine chantey man in both ort and starboard watch and a fine crew.

The chanteymen started a song, singing together.

All hands came in on the chorus. It rose above the music of the westerlies. It rose above the roaring of the sea.

Noel, Noel,
Noel, Noel,
A King is born in Israel.

By the Way

Thinking of selling insurance? Then it's well to know that, according to information given out at a recent meeting of the National Surety Company, the man who saves is the best risk known. Fat men, profane men, and married men all make good risks. The fat men are too satisfied with the world to inflict harm on their fellow-men. Profane men give vent to their "cussedness" by "cussing," while married men, because of their love for their wives and families, are more honest than bachelors by 6 to 1. But the man who saves is the best risk.

A teacher was instructing her class in the use of antonyms. "Now, children," she said, "what is the opposite of sorrow?"

"Joy," shrieked the class in unison.

"What is the opposite of pleasure?"

"Pain."

"And what is the opposite of woe?"

"Giddap."

Gladstone Enigma—A word of five syllables. My first two are what he liked. My last three what he hated. My whole said slowly is what he wanted to do. My whole said fast is where his enemies would have liked to put him.

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